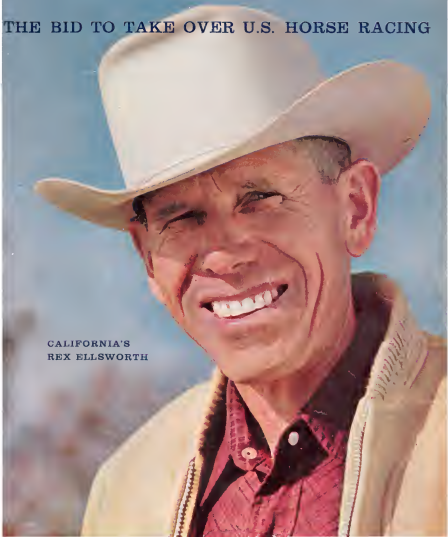


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EARLY TIMES



HEADS UP PLAY

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HEADS UP LOOK



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BASEBALL A back and Sandy Koussal, the Dodgers' superb pitcher, talks of the big question of the spring—his injured finger. Bill Charratz points the lighter side of spring training

AN AMBER LIGHT on Route 89 indicates Panguitch, Utah (pop. 1,435), where basketball is a fever in the community life. Blood John Underwood tells of a town observed by a team.

CLOTHES FOR BOATING as 1963 display the color, versatility and flare that ski fashion achieved earlier. They are shown in color in a number of Western Hemisphere harbors.

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**Sun!
Golf!**

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POINT OF FACT

An AAU indoor track quiz to stimulate the memory and increase the knowledge of armchair experts

1 *In the AAU Indoor Track and Field Championships the oldest indoor meet in the U.S.?*

• No. The first official indoor meet was held by the New York Athletic Club on November 11, 1888 at the old Empire Skating Rink in New York City. The AAU, which was founded in 1888 and held its first outdoor championships the same year, didn't stage its first indoor meet until November 9 and 10, 1926 at the original Madison Square Garden. One other indoor meet also predates the AAU—the Boston Athletic Association Indoor Games, which have been held since 1890.

2 *Don Bruce holds the AAU meet record in the pole vault at 15 feet 5 inches, set in 1960. What was the winning rank in the 1906 AAU indoor meet?*

• A. C. Gilbert, then of Yale University and later the founder of one of the country's largest toy companies, leaped 10 feet 9 inches to win the event. Sabn Carr lifted the AAU indoor pole vault record to 34 feet 1 inch in 1928, and in 1943 Cornelius Warmerdam (15 feet 3½ inches) became the first man to vault over 15 feet in the AAU championships.

3 *Has a four-minute mile ever been run in the AAU indoor championships?*

• No. Last year Jim Beatty came close when he won the mile in 4:00.2, easily breaking Ron Delany's three-year-old meet record of 4:02.5. Two weeks earlier, in Los Angeles, Beatty had become the first man to run the mile indoors in less than four minutes (3:53.9). But in the New York meet the numerous heats delayed the final 45 minutes and Beatty, who had warmed up for an on-schedule start, was upset by the long wait.

4 *Have any of the current indoor records been set at the AAU championships?*

• Yes, two. Harold Connolly's 35-pound weight toss of 71 feet 2½ inches and Australian Al Lawrence's time of 11:26.4 in the three-mile run. Both records were made at the 1960 meet. Until three weeks ago Ralph Boston's 26-foot 6¼-inch broad jump in the 1961 championships had stood as the indoor mark. His record was broken by Russia's Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, who leaped 26 feet 10 inches at the Millrose Games.

MARY ANN GOULD



when this leads
to head cold
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*Look at the kind of fun
you can have in just a weekend
with a new Cessna!*



*Here's the story of a Dallas foursome's weekend flying trip to Aspen.
Read about the fun they had...and the so-called "work" of getting there.
(You'll see that a Cessna makes that fun too!)*

It can be fun to spend a month or so planning a pleasure trip, but I've found my most exciting ones have been those which came up on the spur of the moment—like our trip to Aspen, Colorado. It began on Friday evening when my wife and I were having dinner with friends. Over coffee, I told about the new Cessna Skylane I bought and the great weekend trips we were taking in it. But Jim was as skeptical about weekend travel as about the convenience of having your own plane. He said a weekend isn't long enough to warrant "all the work of getting anywhere different." So I got the idea of the four of us flying to Aspen the next morning to prove both my points. Jim accepted my challenge, and I telephoned the weather bureau right then. When I learned the weather would be as good for skiing as for flying, I called The Aspen Meadows for reservations, and within an hour we were set to go!

At 7 a.m. Saturday, we met at Dallas Love Field. Jim loaded our baggage (plenty of room in my Skylane), and I filed a flight plan. By 7:15 we took off. At cruising altitude, I set the plane on automatic flight and settled down to enjoy the scenery. Jim was surprised at how little I had to do. He said it looked easier than driving; at least, certainly, not as tiring.



My Nav/Com radio system fascinated Jim. He knew it was used for ground communication, but he didn't know it can also perform navigation. So I explained that the government maintains many radio stations all over the country called "omni stations" because they continuously send out radio beams in all directions. To navigate, you simply tune in to stations along your route. The beam activates a needle on the radio set which then shows whether you're left of course, right of course, or directly on course. All you have to do is keep the needle centered. Easier than checking road maps!

To make flying even more automatic, I have Cessna's Nav-Q-Matic 350, and when I explained that system Jim was really impressed. It's much more than an automatic pilot which keeps your plane flying straight and level. It couples the Nav/Com system, and you dial a course to an omni station. Nav-Q-Matic then automatically takes you to the station. With Nav-Q-Matic doing the work, I was able to relax and enjoy the scenery along the way.

At noon, we flew over Aspen and got a good view of all the ski runs. (Cessna's 340° Omni-Vision—an all-around wall of big windows—is great for sight-seeing.) Then we landed at the Aspen airport. Jim looked at the time and calculated it would have taken us over 20 hours by car. And with the problem of schedules and connections, a weekend visit would have been impractical by commercial airlines. He laughed and admitted he saw my point about the convenience of flying your own plane.

A taxi sent by The Aspen Meadows was waiting for us, and in a few minutes we were checking in. Everyone there, from the manager to the bellboy, was so helpful it wasn't long before we were on our way to Buttermilk Mountain to ski.



We had lunch at the Cliff House at the top of Buttermilk Mountain. Good hot food; breath-taking view. (Jim, ever so casually, asked about the cost of flying a Cessna. He almost didn't believe me when I told him the total cost of the whole trip for the four of us would be considerably less than airline tickets alone.)

After lunch, we skied a couple hours. Then at the bottom we met Fred Iselin, the internationally famous skier and ski-coach boss, and he mentioned that professional races were being placed on Aspen Mountain. We huddled over there and caught the last half. It was a terrific race; the contestants were expert skiers from everywhere. After the race we tried out the Little Nell slope and then headed back to The Aspen Meadows for a hot bath and a rest before dinner.

The Copper Kettle, where we had dinner Saturday evening, was one of the finest restaurants we had ever visited. It features menus collected from all over the world, and it never repeats a dinner. Ours was national dishes from France which we thoroughly enjoyed.

Sunday morning we went out to Toklat Lodge where Stuart and Isabel



Mace keep over 80 Alaskan huskies and offer authentic dog sled trips into the surrounding mountain wilderness. (They are the people who furnished dogs, sleds, Eskimo drivers, and technical assistance for the Sgt. Preston of the Yukon television series, Walt Disney movies, etc.) We took a trip through Aschcroft Canyon, alternating for the fun of it between skiing and riding in the sled. At 11:30 a.m. we got back to the lodge, exuberant and starved. And to top off a good time, Mrs. Mace stuffed us with a delicious Alaskan lunch and hot, specially blended Toklat tea.



By 2:30 p.m. Sunday, we had checked out of The Aspen Meadows, loaded the plane, and were taking off for Dallas. I let Jim take the controls for a while so he could see how easy flying is even without automatic flight control. We were back in Dallas by 7:40 p.m., and by then Jim had caught the flying bug. I know because while my wife and I were having dinner Sunday evening, Jim called to find out about taking flying lessons. I told him Cessna dealers have special flight training programs to fit individual payment and time requirements, and he said he might just look into it. Man—I should have been a salesman!

Free—"Flying is a Family Affair"—a book that describes the benefits of private air travel. Send for your copy to Cessna Aircraft Company, Dept. SI-2, Wichita, Kan.

CESSNA

SCORECARD

TAKE A MILLION GIANT STEPS

"Eight to five Sawyer makes it," quoted Jimmy (The Greek) Snyder on the Las Vegas morning line the other day. Snyder's odds on Nevada Governor Grant Sawyer, who proposed a 25-mile march from Carson City, was epigrammatic of the walking-for-fitness fad that has suddenly taken on the proportions of a national frenzy. Provoked by a lighthearted correspondence between Marine General David M. Shoup and President Kennedy (which raised the question: Can today's Marine measure up to 1908 standards set by another vigorous president, Teddy Roosevelt?), Americans everywhere are on the march.

First to go the 50-miles-in-20-hours route were, of course, the Marines. But then others, with no honor to defend, started walking, too, and trod everywhere from 6½ miles (sedentary Press Secretary Pierre Salinger) to 62 (two St. Bonaventure students who walked to see a basketball game). Thirteen chilled models stepped stiffly around the turf at Laurel race track. A Massachusetts politician made ready to push off the 50 miles with a member of the clergy, who said he'd skip rope to vary the pace. Seven Congressional secretaries limped into the Maryland countryside. Said one, after 30 miles, "Another mile would have been like taking that extra Martini." Peter Frelenghuysen, Republican Congressman from New Jersey, walked from the Capitol to pay his respects to the Lincoln Memorial, and California's Marin County dispatched 400 students onto the hills. A task force of journalists, on the march north from Syracuse, ran into a blizzard, but made 29 frozen miles anyway. A dozen Southern Illinois boys dribbled a basketball for 55 miles. Regular fitness advocates like Attorney General Bobby Kennedy, the Boy Scouts and Sierra Club members acquitted themselves dutifully.

To all this champions of walking like Dr. Paul Dudley White nodded vigorous approval, but other doctors anxiously cautioned against pacing off too much at a whack. There were some complaints,

naturally, like that of the weary Boston lady reporter who said, after 26 wind-whipped miles, "Don't take the first step, or, if you do, break a leg." But on the whole, the marchers were extraordinarily cheerful.

General Shoup, President Kennedy and the Marines may be thanked for provoking a massive step away from the TV armchair.

SLIMMER PICKINGS

With contract offers from five major league baseball teams, All-America Guard Rod Thorn of West Virginia has decided not to play pro basketball, a decision that cuts deeply into what was already the National Basketball Association's weakest draft list in years. After Art Heyman of Duke, the pros see little else in the way of talent. Thorn would have gone early in the draft to either the Chicago Zephyrs or the San Francisco Warriors, teams that need backcourt help. Now the Zephyrs—if they don't get a shot at Heyman—will go for Jerry Harkness of Loyola of Chicago, a 6-foot-2 forward who would be switched to guard.

Heyman should go to the New York Knickerbockers as long as they can maintain their last-place, first-draft ranking, but no one is ever sure of the Knicks, who lean to picking big centers—with a notable lack of success. This year the only esteemed big man coming off the campus is 6-foot-11 Nate Thurmond of Bowling Green, who'll probably end up with Detroit.

Other first-round picks are likely to include Tom Thacker of the University of Cincinnati (to the Royals). Gus Johnson of Idaho and Bill Green of Colorado State, Johnson is eligible for both the draft and another year of college play. But he is married and aging at 24, and says that he will turn pro if the right offer comes along. Green is the leading scorer of the college seniors, but at 6 feet 6 he is too small, pro scouts say, to score in the pros as he does in college—from in close.

Such slim pickings are leading the

NBA table talk right back to where it was a year ago—to Jerry Lucas. If Lucas comes in, a mediocre rookie crop would come up smelling like roses.

THE SPORTINGEST GAME

The North American mammoth was one of the largest of all elephants, sometimes growing to a height of 12 feet. He became extinct 8,000 years ago, and precious little else is known about him. However, thanks to a new sport that has attracted a following in Portales, New Mexico, we are beginning to pick up a few facts.

Bone hunting is the new diversion around Portales, where residents have banded themselves into the Llano Archaeological Society and spend their spare time hiking the Great Plains area in search of potential archaeological sites that are in the paths of new roads or other planned construction.

A while back Jess Collins, a relief mail carrier, spent a busman's holiday tramping through a gravel pit at Blackwater Draw and came upon the partly exposed



skeleton of a mammoth. Your common variety of amateur archaeologist would have grabbed a shovel, thereby ruining the value of the find for science, but the bone hunters of Portales know better. Collins summoned experts from the Museum of New Mexico.

Expert digging unearthed the bones of five mammoths, and enough artifacts to give a picture of every major time period on this continent.

Blackwater Draw, it was revealed, was one of the best water holes in the Staked Plains area. Hunters of every era killed game there and left behind bones and weapons. Dr. Fred Wendorf, the Museum's chief archaeologist, has concluded

that tribesmen of the period hid in long grass near the pond until the mammoths were wading, then picked out a single beast for attack and killed him with their best weapons—puny, stone-tipped spears.

"The mammoths were not bogged down and helpless," Dr. Wendorf said. "We can tell that by the position of the bones. They were able to charge their attackers, and it must have taken a lot of courage to hunt them."

THE INSIDE TRACK

- American track and beauty fans may get another look at Germany's Jutta Heine this summer. She will run here if the proposed U.S. dates do not conflict with the German championships.
- Wallace Butts, athletic director at the University of Georgia for 24 years and its former football coach, has resigned, though it is not yet announced. Butts had been accused by the athletic board of trying to undermine confidence in Coach Johnny Griffith.
- The best amateur Norwegian and Swedish cross-country skiers are asking under-the-counter payments of up to 10,000 kroner (\$1,930) for competing in the biggest crowd-pulling events at Scandinavian resorts.
- Susquehanna's Jim Garrett, with the longest collegiate undefeated streak in the country, is No. 1 candidate for the top football coaching spot at Yale. Garrett has coached tiny Susquehanna in 22 straight games without a defeat.

THE CHINESE STRIKE IS HERE

A world which has long accepted the rah-bit hashball is not going to be shocked too much by the lively bowling pin, but 25 disgruntled professional bowlers, each with a strong personal interest in the game, have formed a National Committee for Honest Bowling Conditions to protest it. "Business hasn't kept up with expansion," an official of the Bowling Proprietors Association explained to *The Wall Street Journal*. The assumption seems to have been that cheaper strikes and spares would boost the game.

"If you make it easier for someone to get a better score, you're going to improve your business," an official of American Machine & Foundry, which makes automatic pinsetters, reportedly said. On the other hand Frank Baker, executive secretary-treasurer of the American Bowling Congress, holds that "the new pins can't offer any advantages except increased durability."

continued



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SCORECARD continued

Maybe not, but a Dallas bowler named J. B. Solomon gripes: "I wish we could have a chance to knock down some pins honestly, instead of bouncing them off the walls."

EXCELSION IN TACOMA

What the kite-flying altitude record may be is difficult to say, since it is an unsupervised sport, but three boys in Tacoma, Wash. Richard Leonard, 12, Robert Burrus, 12, and Aris Collins, 13 believe they have made it. They claim 10,050 feet.

They laid out 15¢ for a supermarket paper kite (red and black, with spacemen and a rocket pictured on it) and on Wednesday last at 3:45 p.m. they started letting out measured balls of cord. The day was ideal for kite-flying and the kite went up and up...and up and up.

It kept on going up hour after hour, and the boys finally hosed themselves in Richard's house, flying the kite out of his bedroom window with the cord fastened to a headpost. At intervals during the night they rose and checked the cord. All was well at 3 a.m., the cord pointing upward on a long, tight slant into the sky. It was A-O-K at 4 a.m. and at 5. But along about 6 o'clock the cord snapped and fell limp and the kite dropped somewhere in distant woods.

Total flight time: some 14 hours, at the end of almost two miles of line. Richard would like the kite back if someone should come across it—red and black, with spacemen and a rocket and endless twine.

RIGHT FOOT FORWARD

In teaching the young how to stroke a tennis ball it is normal to say: "On the forehand stand with your feet sideways to the net and, at the moment of impact, have your weight planted on the left foot." There is a fellow running loose around the country now, a teacher no less, who says you should face the net and, at the moment of impact, have your weight planted on the right foot. It is a radical departure from tradition, like refusing to pay amateurs, and it is creating a certain uproar in the guild. What the man says is that the experts teach one way and play the opposite way. He has photographs which, he says, prove it. He shows Bruce Barnes hitting a forehand with his left foot off the ground, the right foot firmly on the turf. It gives an eerie sensation. He has Her-

bert Flam hitting a backhand with his right foot off the ground. He has Sidney Wood doing the same improbable thing. He says don't keep your eye on the ball until after it crosses the net and bounces—just watch its general direction, and even then, he says, you can't possibly see it hit the racket, despite the fact that you may have been taught to watch it hit the racket.

He even has rotten things to say about *Sports Illustrated's* book on tennis, written by Bill Talbert, and showing, among other things, Don Budge's academic approach to the serve. He despises it. Some men (and magazines) might resent this, but we don't. Dick Bradlee, tennis tutor and author of a recent book, *Instant Tennis, A New Approach* (Devine-Adam, \$3.95), is convinced that he has something, and whether it turns out to be an epiphany or dandruff he may at least have stirred the hidebound into a reexamination of how they teach, and to ask themselves if this differs to any important extent from how they play.

NOW, THE VIEWABLE MASTERS

No major golf tournament has put up a sold-out sign before, but this year the Masters is going to do it. On the final two days of the event last year crowds of 40,000 fought to catch glimpses of the action, too many even for the well-designed Masters course (SI, May 28, 1962). What's more, attendance has been increasing 10% a year. "The Masters is popular because people can see and enjoy it," says Tournament Chairman Cliff Roberts. "There is no use having any larger crowds." With that, it was announced that the ticket sale would be limited, though very likely just on the last two days of the event. The Masters will announce a week ahead of time how many tickets will be available at the gate. Other big league pro sports have been doing this for years. It is high time golf realized it is big league too.

THEY SAID IT

- Casey Stengel, New York Met manager, on how to cope with Maury Wills, base thief. "Pitch harder to him. Don't let him get on. What's the use of putting the boy on base? You're just irritating yourself."
- Bowler Brannon, whose TCU teams have been consistently bad since moving into a modern field house, cautioning a fellow coach: "Don't be in any hurry to build a new gym. That way you lose your alibi."

END



BASKETBALL AT ITS

A real feud is a rarity in pro sports, but one now rages between the champion Boston Celtics



Lakers' LeRoy Ellis lunges for a rebound and looks for trouble as the Celtics' Clyde Lovellette, K. C. Jones and Tom Heinsohn (18) close in.

DRAWING BY FRANK MULLIN

TOUGHEST

and the exuberantly menacing Los Angeles Lakers

CONTINUED

THEY WANT AT EACH OTHER—BAD by WILLIAM LEGGETT

It was one hour before the Boston Celtics were to play the Los Angeles Lakers in the first of two important National Basketball Association games last week when Bob Cousy walked into the Celtic dressing room at Detroit's modernistic Cobo Arena. He was carrying a suitcase in his left hand and a copy of the *Boston Traveler* in his right. He took off his black wool coat with the alpaca collar and the Kelly-green team blazer that bears the gold Celtic emblem on its breast pocket. Then he sat down, almost savoring the attention that his very silence had drawn to him, opened the *Traveler* and looked at a headline that said: *L.A. FEELS CELTS ARE WASTED UP*. Cousy leaned forward and began to read. Three other Celtics, Bill Russell, Frank Ramsey and Tom Sanders, came to Cousy's side, and they too looked at the story. No one spoke, until finally Sanders nudged Russell and whispered, "Oh, great and noble bearded one, we have a job to do tonight."

Cousy said nothing at all, but as he put on his uniform he began to blow nervously into his fists. For 13 years Cousy has been the leader of the Celtics, and for 13 years when he has wanted to summon that reserve of talent that seems to be his alone he has blown into those fists. "I've worked hard to build the image of Bob Cousy," he said. "It has gotten terribly difficult for me to get myself up for every game, to keep the image. But for a few specific games, I still can." Any game against the Lakers puts Cousy to blowing on his fists.

Fifty yards from where Cousy was dressing, the Los Angeles Lakers were walking into Cobo Arena, swinging their baby-blue gym bags at their sides. There is a touch of Sunset and Vine about this team. Its players come from places like Brooklyn, Gary, Ind. and Cabin Creek, W. Va., but they have all developed a distinctive, exuberant flair, the kind of thing Bostonians by nature don't like. Elgin Baylor, the Laker star, looked out on the court and saw three Celtics—Sam Jones, Clyde Lovellette and Dan Swartz—starting to practice. Baylor unbuttoned his magnificent raglan overcoat with the red lining, took a penny from his pocket and tossed it at the Celtics—the gesture that bored customers once used to drive bad vaudeville acts off the stage. Baylor then turned and walked to his dressing room with a confident smile on his face.

Field of unfriendly strife

Thus the scene was set for still another round in as fierce a grudge match as pro basketball has ever known. The Celtics, old, experienced, unbeatable for years, just don't like the Los Angeles Lakers. The Lakers, young, brash and good enough to challenge anybody, just don't like the Boston Celtics. And that is what both the talk and the action demonstrated on successive nights in Detroit and Boston last week when the Celtics beat the Lakers, the Lakers beat the Celtics and pro basketball showed everybody that it is a game that is played for real.

The two games were important to both teams, though each has all but clinched its division title. First, there was the NBA rule that gives the team with the best over-all sea-

son record 52,000 and an advantageous schedule for the playoffs. The Lakers' record was 46-14, the Celtics' 43-18. There was also the matter of the Lakers' attempt to break the NBA record of 60 wins in a season, a mark set just a year ago by, naturally, the Celtics. Finally, and most important, there was the unalloyed pleasure each team would get from beating the other.

The last time the teams met, the pleasure had been the Celtics'. That night a stray Los Angeles elbow caught Bill Russell on the business end of his beard and laid him out like a seven-foot throw rug on the floor of the green and gloomy Boston Garden. This made the Celtics so angry that they vowed on the spot to win this one for poor Bill. Poor Bill, meanwhile, was back on his feet in no time winning it on his own. So the Celtics charged from behind to a 133-121 victory and broke an 11-game Los Angeles winning streak as well.

"The Lakers," says Red Auerbach, the volatile Celtic coach, "are a tremendous team but they, and too many other people in Los Angeles, have a feeling that the Lakers are better than we are. There are a lot of people who are already saying that the Lakers can beat the Celtics for the championship. [Last year the Celtics beat the Lakers out of the title in an overtime period of the seventh and final

THESE ARE THE FOES THAT HAVE

The clash between the Boston Celtics and Los Angeles Lakers—one a dynasty aging, the other a dynasty abuilding—is pro basketball's most dramatic in years.

THE BOSTON CELTICS

FORWARDS

Auerbach pulls his forwards in and out like yo-yos. Sam Jones is improving, but erratic. The other starter, high-keyed gunner Tommy Heinsohn, shoots well against Lakers. Coach Frank Ramsey is a master at cutting off the bench fresh to score a couple of quick ones against a tired defender. Rugged Rookie John Havlicek is a portrait of Ramsey as a young man, and can play the backcourt, too.

GUARDS

Bill Russell is the best off either board, any day. The Lakers get few points in the paint, so Russell's defensive skills are used to keep LA from driving up the middle. Old Clyde Lovellette is an able sub.

SHOOTERS

Bob Cousy is as good as he ever was, but he plays less—a little more than half a game against the Lakers. Still, he has averaged a point every two minutes, an assist every three against them. Sub K. C. Jones is a seasoned playmaker with an occasional hot hand. Defensively, he ranks with the best. The shooting Jones—Sam—has upped his scoring to 20 a game, high on a balanced team that has seven men in double figures. He is a good rebounder too, and often plays up front.

SUMMARY

The Celtics have pride, balance, Russell and wisdom. But they also have an 80-game schedule. There will be a race against the clock.

playoff game.] So far the Lakers aren't the champions of anything. The Celtics have great pride and great talent and we don't lie down and die for anyone. The Laker organization has said that "Los Angeles is the Basketball Capital of the World." Los Angeles has been in this league for two years and it's the basketball capital of the world!" To this summary Auerbach adds a short, heartfelt obscenity.

Nor is Fred Schaus, the coach of the Lakers, lost for words on the subject of Boston and Auerbach. "The Celtics have a great basketball team and Red Auerbach has done a great job of coaching them for years," he says. "I respect Auerbach as a coach. But I don't like him. I just plain don't like him. And he knows it." Fred Schaus and Red Auerbach do not speak. Though they are often drawn together in arenas, airports and hotels, they turn away from each other or sit in distant seats. At one point last week they were side by side for over an hour, yet they refused to say hello.

Detroit's Cobo Arena was packed as the Lakers and Celtics got ready for the first game in their 24-hour vendetta. The biggest crowd ever to see a professional game in that city's history (11,028) screamed from the multicolored seats on all four levels of the hall. A high school coach from West Farmington, Ohio brought his team on a 300-mile round trip in 12^{1/2} weather just to see the two teams meet. Even the players competing in the second game that night—Detroit and San Francisco—came in time to see

the first game, like guest gourmets at a feast. "This is one I wouldn't miss," said San Francisco's Wilt Chamberlain. "I want to look over these ball clubs once. I think that the Lakers will probably beat the Celtics in the playoffs but the more I consider things the more I'm not so sure. Both of them have great starting teams, both have good benches and, you know, they want at each other. I want to watch 'em, man."

Hardly had the game begun when Elgin Baylor reached back and stuffed an elbow into Tom Sanders' stomach. It was meant more as a firm and informative maneuver than a malicious one, the pros being accustomed to inside play worthy of the Green Bay Packer line. Sanders immediately reached down and tugged hard on Baylor's trunks, pulling him out of position for a perfect pass. Sanders continued to bump Baylor, forcing him away from the action, and Baylor was having difficulty scoring. In the first quarter he had only two field goals. Baylor, as any basketball follower knows, usually has little trouble scoring 35 points a game against anyone.

The Celtics began to run away from the Lakers, and a fan in the seats shouted, "You are all bums without West." Jerry West, the Lakers' top playmaker and second highest scorer, had been missing from the Los Angeles lineup for nine days because of a pulled hamstring muscle in his left leg. He had been left home in L.A. The Lakers needed him, but the fan didn't realize that it was the wound-up Celtics that were making the western team look bad.

Cousy was so determined that he threw passes that even he had never tried before. Near the end of the first period he cocked the ball like a discus and fired it the length of the court to Bill Russell, who simply jumped and deflected it into the basket. Russell, Sam Jones and Sanders came back down the court with huge smiles on their faces.

Shortly thereafter the Celtics called time out, and discovered that Red Auerbach was unable to talk to them. He was limping around the sidelines with a charley horse. "It wasn't the excitement," he protested, but he never did explain exactly what it was.

Cousy continued to throw one beautiful pass after another until, near the end of the first half, his knees began to buckle from exhaustion. He hollered to Auerbach, "Get me! Get me! I've had it." By that time so had the Lakers, and Boston won in a romp 120-93.

"This game," said an elated Cousy afterward, "was my best of the season. We would have beaten them even if they had had West. We would have beaten anyone tonight because we were right all the way through. If only we didn't have to play the Lakers again tomorrow night, because this is the kind of a victory I could savor for a long, long time. We wanted this one and we would have done anything to get it."

Red Auerbach paced the corridor outside his team's dressing room, marveling at Cousy, Russell and his whole team. "That ought to take care of those——," he said of Los Angeles. It should have, but it didn't.

The door of the Laker dressing room stayed closed. Later Fred Schaus repeated what he had been saying to his team. "I told them that there was a plane leaving for Boston the next morning," he said. "I told them that if anyone felt he

continued

TURNED THE NBA RACE INTO A WAR

They are well-met opponents. In the past two seasons they have faced each other 23 times, with Boston winning 13, L.A. 10. This is how the two teams match up.

THE LOS ANGELES LAKERS

FORWARDS

Though always harassed by a fresh Celtic defender, Elgin Baylor has a season average of 35 points, 15 rebounds, five assists vs. Boston. Rudy LaRusso flanks him with enough scoring to ease the pressure on Baylor. He could shoot more. His best defensive work is under the basket. Rookie LeRoy Ellis is hot and cold. He could use his height (4 feet 10 3/4) to better advantage against smaller Boston forwards.

GUARDS

Weakest spot. Rookie Gene Wiley rarely talks, never shoots—but plays best against Russell. He is slow getting ball up court of boards. Jim Krebs has fine long shot, tries to draw Russell out front basket.

PLAYERS

Jerry West is excellent as dual job of scoring (26.6) and directing attack, yet is even better on defense. He is league's best backcourt rebounder. Starting partner Frank Selvy has menacing jump shot he doesn't use enough. In fit of immaturity he hit 16 of 20 in January Boston game. Dick Barnett ought to drive more. His whole game suffers when his fill-back jumper is off. World's most talkative substitute, Hot Rod Hendley, is all business when needed.

SUMMARY

—They should have less trouble making the finals than Boston. In a season-end series, their youth becomes a bigger asset than ever.



A SWISS SKIER SURPRISES THE AUSTRIANS

In the pre-Olympic ski meet in Austria everybody came to beat the home team. A Swiss named Joe Minsch did. But the Austrians look good for 1964

by ROY TERRELL

Give or take an Alpine race, the best ski racers in the world are turned out like Volkswagens on an assembly line by two tiny Austrian provinces that could be tucked into a corner of Colorado. Only in a two-dimensional sense, however, are the Tyrol and Vorarlberg unimpressive. Stretched out by the corners to level the mountains, they would probably blanket Siberia, and their impact on the world of Alpine ski racing is as dramatic as their vertical terrain. The list of gold medal winners from past Olympics and FIS world championships tells the story more graphically than anything else.

On occasion, however, someone emerges to take a crack at the Austrians, as the French and Germans and Swiss did at Squaw Valley, and last weekend it happened again. On a mountain just above Innsbruck, capital of the Tyrol and site of the 1964 Olympic Winter Games, a 21-year-old Swiss auto mechanic came out of nowhere, riding a pair of American skis, to win the year's most important race. By finishing second, third, fourth, sixth and eighth in the men's downhill, glamour event of the giant three-day pre-Olympic meet, the Austrians received a splendid view of the seat of Josias Minsch's pants. This was an upset that will require considerable explanation in the ski schools of Aspen and Sun Valley and Stowe, not to mention St. Anton and Kitzbühel.

To say that Jos Minsch is unknown is really an exaggeration. His father, a railway stationmaster in Klosters, knows him, and his mother knows him, and Georges Schneider, coach of the Swiss team, has known him ever since last November. "He came to the national training camp and asked for a tryout," said Schneider, "and he looked pretty good. So we worked with him in December, and every week he looked better and better. Then he finished fourth in the downhill at Megève and second in the Madonna di Campiglio giant slalom, and now I would have to say that he is one of the four or five best in the





world. He may not win today, he may not win tomorrow, but he can win at any time."

Jos Manach is the kind of ski racer to warm the hearts of Americans from the Sierras to the Catskills. As an apprentice auto mechanic, he could find time for practice only on Sundays, and his best previous finish before 1963 was 50th in last year's Arlberg Kandahar at Sestriere. Because of this he was placed in the second 15-man round of the 114-man field on Saturday (the No. 114 starter was Karim Aga Khan) and Jos was faced with the prospect of departing after 21 others. It is not unheard of for a racer placed this far back to win a major international event. But it is extremely rare. The run becomes suited from the skis of previous racers, ice patches become icier, the psychological burden of overtaking the world's best skiers increases with every man who leaves. And this was a very tough downhill course. According to Willy Schaeffler, coach at the University of Denver and the man who set the downhill at Squaw Valley, the 3,250-meter trail through the trees down Patscherkofel Mountain will be a most testing run for 1964. "This is an almost perfect example of what a modern downhill course should be," said Schaeffler. "There is no premium on being a daredevil, but the racer must be in wonderful condition and he must be thinking every foot of the way. There are a lot of places where you can make a mistake here."

"It is very long and very fast," said Ernst Oberaigner, coach of the Austrian team. "I think anyone who can do 2:20 will win the race, and I think maybe Karl Schranz will be the man."

Schranz was the world downhill champion at Chamonix and now, only 24, he remains the man whom Austrians still look hopefully toward as the successor to Toni Sailer. In five years of trying, Schranz has never quite managed to become another Sailer, but he has come about as close as anyone else and he ran a marvelous race last Saturday. From the No. 1 starting position, where he was forced to break a fresh trail, he came down the mountain in 2 minutes 24.13 seconds. "That may be good enough," a race official said. It was good, but two men were to do better. Gerhard Nennig, 23, the Austrian combined champion (he was second in the downhill, second in the slalom and second in the giant slalom at Haus the week before), flashed across the line in 2:23.42. Behind him came others, fast but never quite fast enough. Egon Zimmermann of Austria, the world giant slalom champion, Leo Lacroix, France's fine downhiller; Adalbert Leitner of Austria; Wolfgang Bartels of Germany, Austria's newest Wunderkind, 19-year-old Hugo Nindl—all under 2:25. The field was so fast that Guy Perillat of France, the sensation of

continued

Virtually unknown Swiss, Jos Manach, astonished Europe's best when he won the men's downhill in spectacular late finish.

Best Austrian Olympic prospect, Gerhard Nennig, embraces
part teammate Edith Zimmermann after her victory in the slalom.

AUSTRIANS *continued*

1961, came down in 2:28.64, yet managed only 21st place.

Then, just when it seemed that no one could possibly catch Nennig, and the big crowd had almost ceased to watch the racers in favor of watching pretty girls in stretch pants, word came over the public address system that No. 22, Jos Minsch of Switzerland, was on his way with a sizzling halfway time. Everyone turned back to look up the finishing schuss. And there Minsch was. He sailed around the final turn, crouched in his tight racer's tuck, his Swiss jacket a red streak against the snow. Across the line he flew and skidded to a stop in a shower of white. He looked up at the scoreboard and leaned on his poles.

Head was happy

"The time of No. 22," came the announcer's voice, "is 2 minutes 23.10 seconds. Jos Minsch of Switzerland now leads." The excitement that followed made Jos Minsch very happy but also very embarrassed. He tried to hide his stocky five-foot seven-inch, 170-pound body behind a snowdrift and failed. Pulled forth by press and radio and TV, he answered questions shyly and posed for a hundred pictures, including some with the Baltimore ski manufacturer, Howard Head. Head was every bit as happy as Minsch, since this was the first international victory for his relatively new metal racing ski, and he was not embarrassed at all. "Which one of them won the race, the big guy or the little guy?" a latecomer asked.

According to the old French skiermeister Emile Allais, Jos Minsch won because his technique was better than that of anyone else. "The Swiss feel that his strong legs, his great strength, are his big assets," said Allais, "but when he came past me, up on the course, he seemed to be skiing with more style, more smoothly, than the others. There was a strong wind up there, and every time a racer opened up from his crouch the wind slowed him down. I do not believe that this boy made any mistakes. He did not fight the course, he controlled it. He is very good. He is not going to be what you call a flash in the pan."

There was one other development of interest to Americans in the men's downhill. While more famed U.S. racers like Chuck Ferriss, Buddy Werner and Billy Kidd remained at home in school, Pfc. Rip McManus, formerly of Stowe and Milford, Conn. but now of Fort Carson, Colo., finished 24th by running the course in 2:29.65 from a starting position of 68. "I guess I was kind of mad," said McManus. "They should have given me a better starting position than that. Over here they still try to treat Americans as if we'd never been on skis before. Just wait until next year and they'll find out. These guys aren't so hot."

Despite the performance of Minsch and the sentiments of McManus, the Austrians were very hot indeed, and they turned loose their usual avalanche of superb ski racers to run off with the rest of the meet. They won the ladies'



slalom on Friday and both the men's slalom and ladies' downhill on Sunday. They also won both combined championships and proved, once again, that Austria is still the team to beat next year.

The ladies' slalom, like all the races except the men's downhill, was skied at Lizum, the lovely valley 15 miles southwest of Innsbruck. In this, the opening event, both Traudl Hecher and Christl Haas were disqualified and the world slalom and giant slalom champion, Marianne Jahm, was eliminated by a fall just when it seemed she had the race in a lock. But with Austrians Jahm, Hecher and Haas scattered all over the mountain, another Austrian, a dispirited doll from Zürs named Edith Zimmermann, stepped up to win the medal. This 22-year-old did it by the simple process of standing up for two runs over a pair of the slickest, fastest, steepest slalom courses ever set in the Alps. Of 69 starters, only 29 survived.

Jahm, racing in the No. 2 spot, came down the first run under almost flawless control, something like an eel in curls. When the first 15 had gone past the finish line—vertically or horizontally, depending upon their luck and skill—her, time of 50.16 seconds was an astounding 3½ seconds ahead of Zimmermann, who had defeated her several times this year, and almost five seconds ahead of Mariette Gotschel



of France, in third place. Hecher, despite a fall, was fourth.

Midway through the second run it began to appear that Jahm could win simply by snowplowing down. With the starting order reversed, she stood on top of the hill and watched as Gotschel fell, very hard, and Hecher missed a gate. But when Edith Zimmermann went down again, smoothly and quickly in 52.27, Marianne Jahm couldn't afford to relax and coast. Perhaps she tried too hard. In any event, she, too, fell high up at the fourth gate, and Zimmermann was the champion. "No," said Edith, "I didn't really hope to catch Marianne. I just hoped to stand up all the way down."

Christl Haas won the ladies' downhill, as she did last year at Chamonix and as she seems almost certain to do again next year at Lizum. Only 19 now, she is a very large girl of five feet 10 and 160 pounds, with the driving downhill racing style of a man. She wears her brown hair cut very short and her face in a perpetual grin. Win or lose, it is hard not to cheer for Christl Haas. There was little reason to do anything else on Sunday. In a light snow, she rocketed down the course in one minute 57.82 seconds, more than three full seconds ahead of Germany's Barbi Henneberger. Christl Staiffner of Austria was third, and Edda Kainz of Austria was fourth. By finishing eighth in a respectable 2:02.23,

Edith Zimmermann won the combined championship.

The men's slalom turned out to be a three-way fight among Nenning, Schranz and the French veteran Francois Bonlieu, and this was the order in which they ranked after the first run. Schranz came down the second time with a time 1:03.36, but Bonlieu, who has always been a superb slalom skier, passed the Austrian with 1:03.01. Then it was up to Nenning. He slammed through the gates as if all the old devils of the Alps were on his tail, and when he crossed the line the handsome boy from Lech had won not only the slalom championship but the combined title of the meet as well. Nenning is five feet nine inches tall, weighs 175 pounds and looks more like a Southwest Conference half back than a ski racer, but he is proving to be the best ski racer in the world. Egon Zimmermann posted a brilliant 1:02.89 on his second run to pull into fifth place and earn third in the combined standings behind Nenning and Schranz.

So the big meet turned out to be a virtual sweep for the Austrians after all. The French couldn't stop them, nor the Italians nor the Germans, and whether the Americans will be able to test them a year from now remains to be seen. But the Austrians will not soon forget a stocky little Swiss auto mechanic named Jos Minsch. He stole their show, and now they can worry about him all the way into 1964. **END**

Rex Ellsworth is a rancher at heart, but he owns the world's largest racing stable and is our No. 1 breeder of Thoroughbreds. He hopes to rule U.S. tracks this year *by* **WHITNEY TOWER**

THE COWBOY WHO'D BE KING

Phil Soto



Only three stables in the history of U.S. Thoroughbred racing have ever won a million dollars in one year. The owners of two of these celebrated outfits, Mrs. Gene Markey (Calumet Farm) and Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, now have company in racing's most exclusive club. The new member, who joined last year, is a lean 6-foot-1, 55-year-old weather-beaten and deadily serious Arizona-born cowboy ("I am not an ex-cowboy; I am a cowboy") named Rex Cooper Ellsworth (*see cover, and below with his son*

Kuwni). And he is as different from his New York-Florida-Europe-oriented millionaire confreres as the California sand that smothers his 440-acre ranch in the Los Angeles suburb of Chino is from the bluegrass in the manicured pastures of the Calumet and Whitney farms in Lexington, Ky.

Rex Ellsworth is racing's most controversial personality. Last year 51 horses carrying his black-and-red silks won \$1,154,454 by mid-September, when they stopped racing so that Rex and his trainer, Meshach Adams Tenney, could

continued



go home to run the roundups for 2½ months on Ellsworth's 1,000-square miles of rugged cattle country in Arizona and New Mexico. Two of Ellsworth's biggest horses last season were the handicap star Prove It, who won \$348,750, and the Arlington-Washington Futurity winner Candy Spots (\$158,312), the latter already a winter book choice for this spring's Kentucky Derby and a heavy favorite for next week's Santa Anita Derby. When it was suggested to Ellsworth in Chicago late last summer that a fall campaign in New York and New Jersey would bring him another few hundred thousand in purse winnings and some more honors for Prove It and Candy Spots, he replied with typical forthrightness. "What is the point of going east when I already feel that we have the best 2-year-old and the best older horse? I don't have to go to New York to prove that to myself. Besides, I look forward all year to roundup time. It's what Meshach and I want to do in September more than go to New York or anywhere else."

Ellsworth and Tenney so far haven't needed the prizes of New York's big apple. They have struck it rich in California. In 1939, six years after Rex and his brother Heber had spent \$600 on some fillies and mares in Lexington, Ky., the Ellsworth name first appeared on racing's earnings list. The stable won \$14,400. The total since then is just under \$6 million, and in the last 10 years alone Rex has taken more than half of this amount—\$3,745,897—out of purses at southern California's two great tracks, Santa Anita and Hollywood Park. Ellsworth figures he has parlayed his original \$600 investment into Thoroughbred holdings worth \$12,640,000. He is the world's largest nonmarket breeder and, with about 500 head at his disposal, he is unquestionably owner of the world's largest active racing stable.

Rex Ellsworth is never sure how many horses he has or where they all are on any given day. Recently, as he walked slowly around one of the 32 long, narrow pens where some mares and their foals were resting in the Chino dust, he totted up his stock: 200 mares (25 of which came from the Samuel D. Riddle estate and are owned in partnership with Mrs. Helen Alvarez Hill and C. Ray Robinson), some 35 older horses (including Prove It, Olden Times and such potential daisies as Bushel-n-Peck and

Wish n Wait), 90 to 95 3-year-olds (including Candy Spots, Space Skates, Three Links and dozens that haven't even started yet), 40 2-year-olds (survivors of the 1961 crop so hard hit by virus abortion that more than 40 foals were lost, including 23 sired by Ellsworth's star stallion Khaled and another seven or eight by Nigromante) and some 90 yearlings. Another 100 or so foals are due this spring and summer. Because each stable is allowed only 40 stalls at the southern California tracks, Trainer Tenney spends considerable time during each race meeting platooning his runners between Chino and the stable area.

To achieve such real and potential power, Ellsworth has lived for the last 30 years arm in arm with every friendly banker he could find. "It's tough to figure the total value of my holdings, because the banks are so involved in my operations," he admits candidly. "I've got about 1,000 square miles, some of it in partnership with Meshach, some in partnership with Bill Shoemaker and some that I lease from the Government. But the banks own so much of it that I couldn't put a price on what I actually own myself. For example, I recently bought another ranch for \$3 million, but only had to put \$250,000 down." The 20,000 head of cattle on Rex's ranches today include Herefords, some Black Angus and a new breed he developed himself to which he jokingly refers as his Mortgage-lifter Breed. Half Angus, quarter Holstein and quarter Brahma, they were bred for conditions on some parts of his property where the land is rough and the cattle are forced to go a long way for water.

Drawing from bank loans, purse earnings and cattle income, Ellsworth has spent about \$3.5 million buying Thoroughbred stock to build his stable. Some \$2.5 million of this went, at various times between 1946 and 1958, toward purchases from the vastly successful holdings of the late Aga and Aly Khan. Most of the rest was spent at dispersals held by Louis B. Mayer, Harry Warner and Sam Riddle. Ellsworth gives the major share of credit for his success to the acquisition of nearly 100 Aga Khan mares, representing the finest bloodlines in Europe. Ellsworth's own stallions and those in which he has shares are, with the exception of Swaps, hardly familiar to Americans, either. There is Khaled, of course, sire of Swaps and of 48 other U.S. stakes winners. Most of the other sires—who include Lychnus, Mamantal,

Toulouse Lautrec, Negotiation, Antonio Canale, Yatasto, The Shoe and Nigromante (who died last spring)—also are foreign-bred.

Come roundup time next September, Ellsworth and Tenney may be back on the ranch, but long before that they will have launched a powerful, carefully plotted assault on U.S. racing. This is the year that Ellsworth plans to establish himself beyond doubt—in the public mind and on the money-earned list—as the No. 1 owner-breeder in the nation. This is the year the man from the West plans to take over.

Ellsworth's second front may be established on a beachhead at Florida's Gulfstream Park if Candy Spots comes east for the March 30 Florida Derby. Later he and the most promising of Rex's other runners will likely run in New York. The main California string, as usual, will ship to Chicago, and a third group is at Caliente. "Some think I have a grudge against eastern racing," he said recently, "but it's not true. On the contrary, I feel there's more opportunity in the East because there's more racing. I haven't wanted to race in New York until I was ready. I wanted to have the best possible representation."

If the Ellsworth-Tenney plans are clear and their motives avowed, the two men nevertheless remain a puzzle to fellow horsemen as well as the racing public. Perhaps the chief cause is their unorthodox handling of their stock. Some horsemen say they are lunatics who believe that a stout two-by-four is a basic part of a trainer's equipment. Others claim they are touched with genius. "Mesh Tenney can make a horse stand on its head if he wants to—he's that good," says Trainer Charlie Whittingham. "He's the best horseman in the country," says Jockey Shoemaker, "and his horses are the best schooled I know. I've been on hundreds of his horses, good ones and bad ones, and not one of them was ever a bad gate horse."

"I don't think people begrudge them their success," says another California owner. "I think they are respected for their knowledge and ability. My only knock against them is the way they treat horses." A prominent Easterner goes further: "There's nothing I admire about Rex Ellsworth, and his handling of horses disgusts me." Says Owner-Breeder Neil McCarthy, "Sure, they discipline horses severely. They run their ranch like

(continued)



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a cattle ranch, because that's the cattleman's way of doing things."

Neither Ellsworth nor Tenney feels there is any need to defend himself against accusations of cruelty, brutality or unethical practices. For the record, however, both want to. "The real trouble," says Rex, "is that 95% of the people fooling with horses don't understand them. It isn't their fault; they just haven't had the experience." Both men believe that all any horse needs is plenty of good feed and somebody to teach him what to do. Some outraged fellow horsemen feel that Ellsworth and Tenney confuse the noble Thoroughbred with the wild cow pony who, when first disciplined at the age of 6 or 7, puts up a stubborn fight. "Cowboys," says Ellsworth, "actually feel that their horses are their most treasured possessions. They aren't unnecessarily rough with them, but their ways of taming and gentling a horse have to be tough. We break 150 horses a year ourselves at Chino, and 50 of them we teach to handle so that they'll practically talk to you. Our methods may sound unorthodox, but they make sense to us. We break our horses to hand by riding alongside of them and taking their reins in our own hands. I think it's easier than other ways because they can't run off and crack into a fence or something. Sure, we cuff them about the ears a bit to teach them to dodge left and right. We think it teaches rein response a hundred times faster than having some exercise boy pulling and gouging on their mouths all the time."

While Tenney was saddling a young horse in the Santa Anita paddock, Ellsworth continued: "See how our boys hold a horse in the paddock by a long shank? They'll yank on it once in a while to keep his head down, but isn't that much better than the way most trainers have a boy wrestling with a horse's head and holding him close with a lip chain? That only hurts him and makes him nervous."

When the Tenney-trained colt had left the walking ring quietly, Mesh said, "We know our methods aren't the ones used everywhere, but we also know that a cuff or a rap on a horse's ear or flank is not a brutal beating. Our horses, you will notice, don't twist around and cross their legs, and there's no more logical way to teach them than to hit them over the ears."

Once the Ellsworth stock has been

broken at the Chino ranch it is turned over to Mesh for training and racing, and Rex himself never interferes. A few days ago Tenney sat in his Santa Anita tack-room office facing the walking ring between his two 20-stall barns, barking occasional orders to his stablehands through a loudspeaker and discussing horsemanship. "Rex and I don't think we are the smartest guys in the world. But when it comes to horses we think we must know something. We've lived with them all our lives and literally fought for our own lives against some of them on the range. There's a misunderstanding, I think, in a lot of people's minds about the terms 'trainer' and 'horseman.' And what a real difference there is! Why, training horses is a joke compared to being a horseman. The term 'horseman' means a man who is able to get that use out of a horse that he was made for, whether it be to race, to pull a wagon or to head a cow. A trainer has the job of getting a horse fit to race—how far to work him and how fast. Any trainer, for example, should find it easier to tell whether a horse is too fat or too thin than to tell why a horse is bearing out or lugging in. That takes a horseman to analyze and to correct."

Tenney raised the brim of his cowboy hat and dragged one spur slowly across the tack-room floor. "Our training methods aren't so unorthodox. For one thing, I don't like to work a horse hard or long, and I never work him farther than a mile. A horse runs his distance on his conformation and his breeding, and no conditioning helps a horse beyond a mile. I really believe that if you get a horse dead-fit to run three-quarters of a mile he'll go as far as he can. Without working them beyond a mile I won the mile-and-six-furlong San Juan Capistrano with Olden Times and the mile-and-five-eighths Sunset with both Swaps and Prove It."

Because of these western methods of raising and handling horses Ellsworth has been accused of having no feeling for his animals. This criticism reached a peak a few years ago when Swaps suffered a leg injury that ultimately led to his retirement. For a while he was close to death as he languished in an awkward sling at New Jersey's Garden State Park track. Some horsemen felt Ellsworth should have been sitting in that stall with Swaps instead of running his business in China. And then Ellsworth

was quoted in a magazine story as saying that horses are plain stupid. A few weeks ago, as he toiled his blue Cadillac skillfully along the San Bernardino Freeway from the ranch to Santa Anita, he commented on this: "I don't think I ever called a horse stupid. What I have always known is that a horse hasn't the power to think, as some people believe. A horse doesn't learn by thinking or figuring things out. He learns things by repetition. Do you know that a mare finds her foal by smelling it, not by sight? It isn't that she has bad eyes; it's just that smell is more natural to her than thinking or reasoning. People say horses can recognize you. They can't. A dog can. What a horse recognizes is each person's individual way of doing things—such as walking up to him. I can prove it. We had this cowboy on roundup in Arizona, and he had a pony he'd ridden a long time. He had walked up to him maybe a couple of thousand times. One day the man got down to help a cow out of a ditch and the cow struck out at him and drove a horn into his foot. When that cowboy hobbled back to his horse with his different way of walking, that horse didn't know him and tried to savage him on the spot. You take a horse that gets in trouble in barbed wire. He'll kill himself trying to get out. But take a silly old mule that everyone thinks is so stupid. He'll stand a week in wire or in anything else, waiting for help."

When Ellsworth reached his box at the track he sat down quickly in his customary left-front-row seat and put his glasses on a field parading to the post in front of him. Then he turned: "They talk about fondness and affection! Well, sure, I was criticized by some people for selling Swaps out of the state and all that. They said it was lack of affection for a horse that had won me all that money. They just don't know. I sold Swaps for \$2 million to Mr. [John W.] Gailbreath because it was a case of necessity for me. I couldn't afford to keep him. But fondness is not the right word anyway. I had no more fondness for Swaps over the rest of my horses than I have fondness for one of my five children over the other four."

Rex Ellsworth was himself one of nine children, born on his family's cotton and alfalfa farm in Safford, Ariz. His great-grandfather was the first of the clan to move west—he arrived in Utah from Vermont in 1850—and the first to join the Mormon church. Ellsworth's father

continued

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REX ELLSWORTH *continued*

moved to Safford in 1872 when, says Rex, "It was wild and rugged Indian territory. It was also the days of Geronimo. Oldtimers used to tell me that Geronimo killed every white man he met until he met up with my dad. Geronimo rode up to Dad one day when Dad was feeding his team. Dad was scared to death, and the only thing he could think of was to offer Geronimo feed for his horse and for himself. Geronimo accepted and then went on peacefully. Dad figured later that Geronimo just admired a man in the act of feeding horses.

"We had good schooling then," Rex recalls, "but I could never concentrate in class. My mind was always on the family's ranch about 18 miles from town. I rode out and back on weekends and vacations beginning when I was about 6. I knew then I loved horses and ranching more than anything."

When he was only 8 Rex found a perfect ally in a boy named Meshach Tenney, who joined his class when Mrs. Tenney moved up to Safford from Old Mexico to work for the Ellsworths. The two Mormon youths became close friends. They played together, rode together and thought alike. "Rex was one day older than I was," Tenney says today, "and he's never let me forget it."

After high school the boys moved out to the ranch to work, and by the time Rex was 19 he was his dad's foreman at \$50 a month. Mesh Tenney got \$40 as next in command. Rex married Nola Zohodia Ferrin early in 1927, and a few months later he was summoned by his church to go on the traditional Mormon mission. When Tenney got his call it was to go to nearby Colorado. Rex, however, found himself off on a three-year stint as a gospel preacher in Capetown, Durban and Johannesburg, South Africa. "It's something most young men are called upon to do, and they do it willingly," says Ellsworth. "It's one of our obligations as Mormons, like paying 10% of our earnings to the church." Today Rex still pays his 10% to the church and also contributes to the mission costs of several young Mormons who cannot afford their own expenses.

Nola Ellsworth recalls the days when her husband was dreaming of owning Thoroughbreds. "One day Rex came to me and said, 'If I can ever save up \$1,000 that I don't really need I'm going to

give you \$500 to buy what you want, and I'm going to take my \$500 and go to Kentucky and buy some Thoroughbreds.' Well, you know what happened, don't you? I'm still waiting for my \$500."

What happened, of course, was that when the kitty got to \$600 Rex couldn't wait any longer. "My brother Heber and I took the \$600 and a rented truck and set off for Lexington," he says. "Between us we had a great big old suitcase, but somewhere along the way it slipped off the top of the truck. When we reached Kentucky all we had was the \$600 and the clothes we had on. The hotel made us pay in advance and then put us in a room with no hot water. We had a cold bath and ran down to the nearest store to buy some clothes. Heber bought a jacket that was too small for him, and they all called him Frigidaire because he looked so cold."

On that memorable first buying trip Rex and Heber bought eight fillies and mares, all on the basis of conformation. "That's the only way I've ever been able to afford to buy anyway," he says. "On the way home the horses tore off the roof of the truck and began eating it. We had practically nothing in our pockets when we finally got home to Safford."

That was 1933, and Rex Ellsworth was in the Thoroughbred horse business. He spent \$1,250 for his first stallion, Silver Cord, and he joined other ambitious horsemen who in those days were sending their best mares to be bred to the stallions of California's premier racing figure, Louis B. Mayer. When the war brought a ban on California racing, most of these same horsemen took their mares home, refusing to spend stud fees if there was no benefit to be gained on the track. As van after van pulled into his ranch to take home his friends' horses, Mayer ordered an aide to "call up that Arizona cowboy and tell him to come get his broodmares." Ellsworth's reply surprised Mayer. "The war won't go on forever. My mares will stay at your place. Breed 'em."

Ellsworth had decided that what he needed was a top stallion and that the place to get one was Europe. As soon as the war was over he was ready to go—except for a small matter of money. First stop was a Denver bank. "We'd go to the bank once a year," he says, "usually early, to set up the finances for our cattle deals. This time, in 1946, I walked in to see the president of the bank and he said, 'But Rex, you were just here a month ago, and we straight-

continued



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REX ELLSWORTH *continued*

ened out your cattle loans for the year."

"Yes, I know," I said, "but now I want some more money to buy a horse."

"How much do you want?"

"One hundred thousand dollars," I said, and he almost dropped dead. Then he gave it to me."

On that 1946 trip, first of many for Ellsworth, he took his brother Heber, and Joe Estes of *The Blood-Horse* as adviser. "When we got there they thought I was interested in a \$30,000 stud," Rex recalls. "Actually I was interested in buying Nasrullah, but they told me he wasn't for sale, so I forgot about him. If I knew then what I know now I would have gotten him. We went all over looking at stallions and then went to Paris, where I was introduced to Aly Khan at the races. He asked me to visit him in Ireland and look at his stallion, Khaled. By now I had pretty much decided that I better buy either Gulf Stream or Khaled, both sons of Hyperion and both among the top five on the Free Handicap list. But I had to see Khaled first, so I went to Ireland."

"When I looked at him in his stall Khaled looked great. Clean as a pin, I thought, and yet I couldn't understand why he hadn't run better over a distance of ground. I said to Aly, 'Can I look at him out of his stall, in his paddock?'"

"Aly replied, 'But we only take him out of his stall for exercise.'"

"Then open the door," I said. "It's time for him to get some exercise. I can't think about buying a horse without seeing him gallop." Aly opened the door and Khaled hadn't gone two steps before I knew what was the matter. Knew it—shucks, I could hear it!

"He's a little rough in the wind, isn't he?" I asked. Aly laughed when he realized that I knew immediately what had stopped this horse. But it didn't bother me. I bought him anyway on his conformation and on his bloodlines. The price was \$160,000, and I had to come home and borrow the rest of the money."

Out of this preliminary transaction between Ellsworth and Aly Khan came a firm and loyal friendship between two men of almost completely different tastes and habits. Rex was never a nightclubber, and Aly was hardly a rancher. But Aly looked forward to his visits to Ellsworth's ranch, where the two spent hours exploring each other's knowledge of Thoroughbreds. Now, says Rex, "the foundation of my current stud is the

inheritance of the Aga and Aly Khan lines." Ellsworth's breeding plans are largely built around the stallion Toulouse Lautrec, because he is free of Hyperion blood. He won Italian classics, and one of Rex's goals is to get a cross between the Hyperion blood, which he now has in great quantity, and the Nearco blood, which Toulouse Lautrec represents.

Ellsworth's life today is a hectic mixture of running the ranch at Chino, supervising the widespread operations in Arizona and trying to stick as close to his family and to his California-based racehorses as possible. At Chino, where only about 45 men keep things going, Rex lives in a typical ranch house, where the only luxuries he allows himself are a swimming pool for his children and grandchildren and a paneled office for himself. Nearly everyone on the payroll at Chino seems to be in the family as well. Ellsworth's oldest son, Kumen, 29, is the ranch's chief resident veterinarian. Daughter Karen, 26, is married to Chemical Engineer Robert Craft, who works on the Ellsworth breeding and training program. Another daughter, Karmen, 24, is married to the ranch business manager, Dean Roberts. Son Kimberly, 19, still in college, is interested in working for his father eventually, but right now seems more concerned with the possible purchase of a prizefighter's contract, "if and when he wins a Golden Gloves championship." The last son, Kerry, 16, still in school, is allergic to animals—quite a switch for an Ellsworth—and wants to be a lawyer. All of the Ellsworth children's names begin with K because "after the first K it sounded nice." Brother Heber is handling a string of Ellsworth horses at Caliente, while brother Evan is helping in the development of a new Ellsworth-invented saddle, the first radical departure in western saddle design in 200 years.

Ellsworth himself should be one of the chief beneficiaries of his design. He may spend more time in the saddle, even these days, than he does in chairs. Despite the campaigns at Aqueduct and Belmont, in Chicago, Los Angeles and Louisville, he and Mesh Tenney will find the excuses to slip away to the cow country. "I enjoy racing," he says, "but I'll always miss range life. A day spent riding the range is a day you hate to see end. Time stops when you get on a horse, and starts again when you get off."

END



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Battle of the Hottest Sticks

The hustlers slide into Johnston City, Ill., for the World's Pocket Billiards Tournament, and the action is hot and heavy and fast

Shortly after midnight a couple of hustlers arrive at the Janson Brothers' Cue Club, out in the middle of nowhere. Behind the dark door is enough action for the wildest knight of the cue. Inside are the likes of Cornbread Red, Weenie Beanie, New York Fats, Pots and Pans. There is \$10,000 in prize money and more than that on the side. A spectator observes: "Money's changing hands like gin whistle billing time in Dixie." This is the World Series, the heavyweight championship, the Wimbledon tournament of pocket billiards, the event for which hustlers from Ames Billiard Academy in New York down to the merest Pastime Pool Hall in the merest Midwest corn-and-hog town have made ready.

CONTINUED

DRAWING BY DOUGLAS ZORLINE

Hottest Sticks

continued

For a while the hottest stick of all belongs to Luther Lassiter of Elizabeth City, N.C., a veteran whose nom de cue is Wimpy. All the while denying that he is a hustler, Wimpy beats the avowed hustlers at their own game and wins himself \$3,700. Just to prove it was no fluke, he runs 125 balls in straight pool—which moves New York Fats, who is everywhere, to shout: "My God, he shot out the lights." Then Wimpy, the best nonhustler of all, becomes a spectator.



CORNBREAD RED
(BILLY BURGE)

BOSTON SHORTY
(LARRY JOHNSON)

MRS. JOEY SPARTH



IRON JOE
(JOE PROCCITA)

COWBOY JIMMY MOORE

HAYDEN LINGO

NEW YORK BLACKIE
(A T BONIF)



HANDSOME (DANNY
(DANNY JONES))

TUSCALOOSA SQUABBY
(MARSHALL CARPENTER)



WEENIE BEARIE
(BILL STATION)

TUGBOAT WHALEY



WINNY
(LOTHAR LASSITER)

DOWNBROOD RED

NEW YORKER
(RUDOLF WARDEN)

KNOXVILLE BEAR
(EDDIE TAYLOR)

DETROIT WHALEY
(EDDIE BROWNE)

OLDENS GOSLINE

CONTINUED

Hottest Sticks

continued

Nine-ball, straight pool, one-pocket: the tournament runs on and on, while onlookers, in various states of fatigue and fascination, watch from vantage points along the walls. One hustler gets hot and makes a quick \$8,000. His wife gets out the maps and they head home. Handsome Danny is insulted by another hustler. "Let me tell you something, ladies' man," the hustler says. "If you submitted to a blood test they'd find it was 90% lipstick and 10% Coke."



FEARLE LUTTRELL

SQUIRRELY



TUBBOAT WHALEY

DADDY
WABUCKS
(HERBERT
COKE)

YOUNGBLOOD
(JAWANLEY BRAXINGSTON)

MRS. PAULIE JANCO

NEW YORK
BLACKIE



NEW YORK FATS AND WIFE EVELYN

New York Fats husts Detroit Whitey, takes a big slice out of Cornbread Red, then loses his touch and vanishes. "I've slept for three days," he announces on his return. "One more night and it's going to be like Genghis Khan going through the big Wall of China." But the contest is over.

Fiber glass has fundamentally changed the sport of pole-vaulting, but Finland's hard-working Pentti Nikula and some height-conscious Americans prove it is mostly skill and training that make it possible to

Jump up, twist around, set another record

RISING LATERAL CURVE OF GLASS POLE, NEW ZEALAND'S KEVIN GIBBONS WAITS FOR SNAP THAT WILL HURTLE HIM OVER BAR

Tommy McHugh



At a small indoor track meet in Finland on February 2, Pentti Nikula, a thin-legged, thick-armed young bank trainee, soared upward on the bend and snap of his fiber-glass pole and sailed over a crossbar perched at 16 feet 8½ inches. This was a new world record, but in setting it the 24-year-old Finn was simply giving brilliant expression to a sport that has become—thanks to fiber glass—the popular craze of Finland and the talk of the indoor track season all over the world.

"I'm in fine shape," Nikula, the first non-American to hold the record in 35 years, said. "I expect to do 17 feet the next time." That next time is this weekend at the National AAU Indoor Cham-

ionships in New York, and it is possible that Nikula may have to clear that height, or very close to it, just to win. For aligned against him will be a group of vaulters—among them Ron Morris, Dave Toek, Rolando Cruz and John Belitza—who almost every week clear the recently unattainable height of 16 feet with the regularity of metronomes.

Suddenly the pole vaulters have become the star performers of track and field. Five new members have joined the 16-foot club this winter, bringing the total who have gone over that height, indoors or out, to nine. The controversy over their use of fiber glass, one that many had predicted would heat up anew once the "trapeze artists" got the hang

of the revolutionary apparatus, is now only a rapidly dying ember. The vaulters like the new poles, the crowds ooh and ah at every stratospheric flip and the coaches and happy meet directors gurgled about records as though they hung from the ceiling like so much confetti, which in a sense they do. Vaulting with fiber glass admittedly is not the same event vaulting was in the past, when Cornelius Warmerdam and Don Bragg were setting records with bamboo and aluminum, but it is here to stay.

Detractors of the new field event have claimed that fiber glass is the only factor involved in a 16-foot vault. "It's the pole, not the man," declared Russia's national coach, Gabriel Korobkov. "In Russia we

continued





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develop athletes, not implements." Last year Korobkov's demurrer struck a responsive chord around the world, but the International Amateur Athletic Federation, which calls the tune on such matters, ruled it was the man, not the pole.

"You cannot legislate against material," says Britain's Harold Abrahams, chairman of the IAAF Technical Committee. "It has been proved to the federation's satisfaction that fiber glass is no more effective than perfect bamboo, and that a metal pole could probably be produced that is better than either." This seems to have been the final word on the matter, and even the conservative U.S.S.R. has now ordered 150 fiber-glass poles from the U.S.

Owning a fiber-glass pole and learning to use it, however, are two facts of vaulting that are quite often totally unrelated. Because the pole has so much bend and then so much snap, vaulting with one can sometimes feel like riding a wild horse. Formosa's C. K. Yang, now at UCLA, reported this difficulty with a pole he used for a while last year.

"It threw me all over," says Yang, who held the indoor record for a few hours last January with a mark of 16 1/4. "Out of the pit, on my back, on my head, everywhere. I never knew where I was once I left the pole."

His resiliency, though hard to tame, is what can make the fiber-glass pole such an effective vaulting instrument. Because it bends so much more than the metal pole, it produces less shock when slammed into the vaulting box, and the hands can be kept as far as 18 inches apart when gripping the pole. This means better control in the swing-up. The top hand can also be placed at least a foot higher up the pole (currently as high as 15 feet), a significant factor in achieving greater heights. The vastly deeper bend of fiber glass—three times as great as steel—rebounds, of course, into a much longer snap, one that carries the vaulter up to the crossbar with tremendous momentum. The trick is to wait out the snap.

For vaulters reared on metal—and that includes all of today's most successful practitioners—that isn't always easy. The degree of bend the pole will take is

never predictable. In addition, hanging upside down in the air during the long wait for the pole to uncoil is a difficult test of patience for vaulters accustomed to the quick series of movements required by metal.



NIKULA'S ENIGMATIC SMILE HIDES FIRM RESOLVE

There are other problems with fiber glass. The pole may break, although this is not as dangerous as it seems—all good vaulters are adept at controlling their bodies in mid-air. The height of the fall is becoming troublesome, too. Nobody has yet discovered a truly soft substance to land on.

"The biggest difference is the timing," says Ron Morris of Los Angeles, who beat Nikula in Helsinki last summer with a fiber-glass leap of 16 feet 1 and cleared 15 feet 8 in the Metal Age. "It is a matter of waiting for the pole to bend and do its work. You have to put yourself in the pole's hands to take advantage of the effort it will give back."

"With a glass pole many vaulters tend to reach out," adds sandy-haired Brian Sternberg, a sophomore at the University of Washington and, at 19, the youngest of the 16-foot vaulters. "But

you go where your feet go. If you drop your feet you sprawl forward instead of whipping up."

Harvesting the rubbery energy of fiber glass is an exercise in technique and timing that Nikula, certainly, has begun to master. His skill with a glass pole has made him a national hero in Finland. Recently in Helsinki alone some 300 young boys have been hospitalized with broken arms and legs after reckless—and obviously disastrous—attempts to emulate their idol. On one glorious, bone-cracking day a total of 40 such cases was reported. Last August, when U.S. miler Jim Beatty ran in Helsinki with the announced purpose of breaking the world record, hardly a Finn paid serious attention. They were too busy focusing on the pole vault duel between Nikula and Morris of the U.S.

Pentti Nikula (pronounced *Nick-o-lar*) was raised on the rugged family farm in Somero, some 100 miles northwest of Helsinki. He has even white teeth, elegant manners, a soft voice and a gentle handshake. But Nikula raises his voice with indignation at the slurs that have been cast on fiber-glass vaulting.

"Hardly anyone seems to give me credit for my hard training and strength," he complains.

Nikula's hard training began three years ago under Valto Olenius, a former national vault champion, a teacher and the administrative chief at the Pajulahti Sports Institute, where he tutors Finland's 14 best vaulters. During the week Nikula's job at a bank in the small village of Vaskio limits his training to weight lifting, isometric exercises and sprint drills, but on Saturday he drives over to Pajulahti and takes 20 vaults. Then on Sunday he increases this total to 40, always aiming to go as high as possible. "Five meters (16 feet 4 3/4) will now be achieved quite normally in training," Olenius says calmly of a height that has eluded all but Nikula.

Slightly over a year ago the agile Finn, who is also something of a gymnast, could not get within 1 1/2 feet of that height. "When I started using a fiber-glass pole I did not have the strength to bend it," he recalls. "Not only that, but my stomach muscles were not strong

continued

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TRACK & FIELD (continued)

enough to get my legs up quickly. So for a whole year I just concentrated on amassing power."

He also learned to run faster. Since starting work under Olenius, Nikula has improved his time for the 100-meter dash from 12.5 to 11.1. "Over the last five meters of the run to the vault," Olenius says, "I believe that Nikula is the fastest in the world."

But a more crucial ingredient of pole-vaulting is found in the grip. The farther out on the pole it can be taken, the higher the vaulter can get into the air at the top of his swing up. From that point on, technique tells the difference, but he must get there first. Nikula, who is only 5 feet 10, anchors his right hand at a height of 14 feet 8½ for his top leaps—higher than average, and he can push up an additional two feet while clearing the bar. Yang, for instance, went only 15 inches over his grip height on his briefly held record vault. It takes great strength and speed to get airborne while holding the pole so far out on the end, but when a vaulter like Nikula can combine a high grip with finesse at the top, 17 feet is just a jump that comes before 18 feet.

"People who say that vaulting with glass is mere acrobatics are talking nonsense," says Olenius. "You are not getting out any more energy than you put in. The heart of the vault is in the height of the grip and the speed with which you have what is in effect a wall in front of you. It takes courage. But if you try to run as fast as possible, slam the pole in as hard as you can and lift the knees quickly, then you can succeed."

Nikula's latest and greatest success came only a few days after Yang, competing 5,000 miles away in Portland, Ore., had set his record. Nikula was not exactly in a promising frame of mind when he arrived in Papulahu for a Saturday night meet. It was cold, and he was still red and sore on one side where the bar, falling upright, had caught him as he came down during training. "But I just told Nikula to trust himself and take a higher grip," says Olenius.

"It was a hard thing to do," says Nikula who, as the vaults got higher and higher, gradually increased the height of his grip from the customary 14 feet 3¼ to 14 feet 8½. "But Olenius kept after me. Then when I cleared five meters I had a feeling somehow that I had a real result for the first time. I was relieved. It

was as if an enormous weight had been lifted from my shoulders."

That weight has now settled squarely on the shoulders of his U.S. competitors and Yang, who are at present working hard to control the erratic power of fiber glass and recapture the record.

"Fiber glass is experience, experience, experience," says Yang, the world's finest decathlon performer, "but I have some



FINLAND'S OLENIUS IS HAPPY VICTOR

advantage. I have the spring, developed in the high jump, broad jump and hurdles."

John Uelses, the first man to clear 16 feet, has bought two new 16-foot-long poles, plans to move his grip up to 14 feet 6, work out some flaws in his form, and looks for continued improvement. Dave Turk of West Virginia, who has cleared 16 feet 2¼, is lifting a 300-pound weight to strengthen his shoulders and hopes to make 17 feet within a year.

It is obvious that the new fiber-glass poles may help achieve results that have not yet been envisioned, but it is also beyond doubt that superior strength, technique and timing will, even with glass, do most of the work.

As for the times, they are off to a flying start. Coach Olenius believes that five of his pupils will go over 16 feet 4½ this summer. And Nikula is positively frightening on the subject of what he thinks he, personally, can attain.

"Clearing 5.30 meters (17 feet 4½) is only my intermediate target," he says. "My aim is secret. It is so high it will take some time to achieve."

END



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BRIDGE/Charles Goren

Exotic route to the top

Getting to a grand slam usually involves a long climb, but the U.S. world championship team has a pair of alternates who prefer to rocket up

Seven lean years in world championship competition have left Americans both anxious for a win and critical of our method of selecting teams. There will be more than the usual interest, therefore, when the team that will represent the U.S. in the coming world bridge championship in Italy plays its first open-to-the-public practice match in St. Louis, March 14 and 15.

Against a St. Louis squad including last year's Vanderbilt winning team, nonplaying captain John Gerber will marshal not only his three pairs of selectees, Bobby Nail-Jim Jacoby, Robert Jordan-Arthur Robinson and Howard Schenken-Peter Leventritt, but also his alternate pair, Dave Carter of St. Louis and Gerald Michaud of Wichita, Kans. Carter is a veteran bridge campaigner, long known throughout the Midwest as a formidable competitor. He gained national renown when he won the McKenney Trophy for the top tournament performance in 1954. Michaud, just turned 33, learned to play bridge in 1950 while in college and won the national intercollegiate championship the following year.

This pair brings to the competition several exotic bids, including the one shown at right. Michaud stipulates that a double-jump takeout of partner's opening bid—like the four-heart bid here—shows a void in that suit and good support for partner's bid.

I have seen too many of these fancy bids left in by an absentminded partner, so I am not greatly impressed by such highly specialized ma-

neuvers. However, I have no answer to the question Michaud asked when he displayed this hand: "How else can you reach seven spades?"

South, learning from the response that his heart losers were taken care of, was able to use the grand slam force. His five no-trump bid asked partner to bid seven if he held two of the three top honors in trumps. North did as commanded.

Superficially, it seems that North-South have no losers. However, it takes some careful play to bring home 13 tricks. If declarer draws two rounds of spades, he doesn't have trumps enough to take care of dummy's three remaining clubs. If he tries to cash three top diamonds and play a straight crossruff, East's ruff of the third diamond stops the grand slam.

South solved the problem with the aid of a discard that is always spectacular and sometimes absolutely necessary as well. He ruffed the club opening lead and led one round of trumps, winning in dummy with the ace. He trumped another club, then cashed the

king and queen of diamonds. Next he twice ruffed hearts in dummy, while in turn ruffing dummy's two remaining club losers. With no more trumps in his hand, he led another heart. Dummy trumped and cashed the last high spade. This drew out East's remaining trump and gave South the chance he needed to discard the ace of diamonds. Dummy's jack-10 of diamonds now could win the last two tricks and bring home the grand slam. **END**

<i>East-West vulnerable</i> <i>South dealer</i>		NORTH	
♠	3	♠	A K 8 7 4
♥	A Q 4	♥	2 10 5 3
♦	K 8 4 2	♦	10 9 5 4
♣	K Q J 6 2		
WEST		EAST	
♠	3	♠	6 5
♥	A Q 4	♥	K 10 9 8 3
♦	K 8 4 2	♦	5 7
♣	K Q J 6 2	♣	A 8 7 3
SOUTH		NORTH	
♠	Q J 10 9 2	♠	Q J 10 9 2
♥	J 7 6 5 2	♥	J 7 6 5 2
♦	A K Q	♦	A K Q
♣	—	♣	—
SOUTH	PASS	NORTH	PASS
1♦	PASS	4♥	PASS
5 N.T.	PASS	7♦	PASS

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Who's afraid of the BRM?

Not we, say three other British
and two Italian builders—all out
to beat the Grand Prix champion

Between the wars, when auto racing in Britain was a gentleman's pastime, a race weekend without champagne was unthinkable. An English car that finished higher in Grand Prix events than an Italian, French or German auto was unthinkable, too. But the English became serious a few years ago. Four of the five Grand Prix world championships (there has been an official title only since 1958) have been won by their cars, and Britain should win again in 1963. The rivalry between U.K. firms, in fact, has grown intense. If there is any serious opposition to British makes, it will come only from Italy, where a revitalized Ferrari and the new, promising ATS (Automobili Turismo Sport) team will be at each other's throats—as well as at the Briton's.

A tour of today's racing Britain logically starts at Bourne, a three-hour drive north from London. There, in a cluster of small drafty old structures, is built the BRM (British Racing Motors), the world-champion car for 1962 and the equipage of the Champion Driver Gra-

ham Hill. At Bourne, BRM's chief engineer and racing manager, Tony Rudd, wanted mostly to talk about 1962, but promised a much-improved BRM for 1963. Not so fast last season as the smaller, lighter British Lotus. BRM won on greater reliability.

"We had a new, lighter chassis with a more powerful engine for the last race," Rudd said. "We were confident that it was as fast as the Lotus. Unfortunately for us, the engine blew in practice. Unfortunately for Lotus, their best car failed while leading the race."

"Our 1963 cars will be still lighter, mainly due to a new, smaller gearbox, and we have a still more powerful engine." With Graham Hill and the fine American, Richie Ginther, driving, BRM is the conservative man's best bet for 1963.

There is nothing conservative about Lotus. Lotus racing cars, built in a hectic, brick-fronted works in Hertfordshire, an hour from Piccadilly Circus, express the restless brilliance of their designer, Colin Chapman. A blue-eyed,

continued



COLIN CHAPMAN TESTS FORMULA JUNIOR LOTUS, CHIEF BRM RIVAL, FEATURING BATHTUB COCKPIT OF BIGGER GRAND PRIX CAR



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mustached man of only 34, Chapman possesses a certain brick charm, but he is also capable of major rudeness. Certainly he is the most daring of the Grand Prix builders. His cars are invariably the lowest and lightest around. In 1962 they were easily the fastest. They were also, however, very brittle.

Chapman's novel one-unit chassis (the British call it "monocoque") was the sensation of 1962. It was a sort of shallow bathtub to which the engine and gearbox were attached at the rear. All other builders turned out what has become the orthodox Grand Prix design, based on a tubular space frame, but of course with rear-mounted engines.

Of the major builders, Chapman probably will have the only monocoque car again in 1963. He says his 1963 model will be little changed, except for modifications to the suspension system. Jimmy Clark, the Scottish farmer who came close to winning the 1962 championship for Lotus, will again be No. 1 driver and Trevor Taylor again No. 2.

Like all other British builders except BRM, Lotus employs the Coventry-Climax V-8. There was dismay last fall when Coventry-Climax announced that it would stop building the engine. After frantic appeals the firm relented but will sharply reduce production—and double the price to about \$15,000.

At his tiny, frigid shop in Surbiton, a suburb south of London, solid John Cooper was ecstatic about the new Climax engines in his Grand Prix cars.

"The best we had from the Climax last year was 175 hp," said Cooper. "Now we have a new short-stroke fuel-injected Climax that should develop at least 200 hp. Later on the engine will be fitted with four valves per cylinder instead of two and will put out additional power.

"Like everybody else, we'll have a smaller and lighter car. Not so light though that we'll sacrifice reliability. The No. 1 job in a race is to finish it."

The 1962 Cooper was reliable—but on the heavy side and usually outpaced. Cooper may spring the novelty of the new season: a hydraulic suspension system based on the Hydrolastic arrangement of the new BMC 1,100 passenger cars. All depends on whether tryouts prove the system worthwhile.

The returning chief Cooper driver, Bruce McLaren of New Zealand, is steady. Second Driver Tony Maggs of South Africa is said to be improving so

swiftly that he may prove one of the truly exciting drivers of 1963.

Drivers are the trumps in Jack Brabham's hands. The Australia-born former world champion has signed America's Dan Gurney for one of the cars he has built and probably will drive the second himself. There is no stronger two-man team in racing. Generally considered, along with Clark, one of the two best racing drivers in the world today, Gurney was aboard an outclassed German Porsche in 1962. Porsche has all but decided not to enter Grand Prix racing seriously this year. In Brabham's car, Gurney may get a chance to show his true worth. Last year was Brabham's first as a builder. Slowed at first by birth pangs, his car was performing commendably at the season's end.

The new Italian look

That then is the British look. But there are heady developments in Italy. The building of Italian racers is concentrated at Bologna and nearby Modena in the fertile orchard country of the north. There are in Bologna two famous brick towers—one lofty and straight, the other short and tilted at a vertiginous angle. It is said that they were begun simultaneously by two young men seeking the hand of the same girl. To the builder of the higher tower would go the girl. One youth built too hastily—his was the unfinished tower that leans. The other built slowly but securely and won the damsel.

The question in Italy today is whether the new Bolognese ATS group, which has pushed ahead rapidly, can build wisely enough to overcome the already towering reputation and resources of Enzo Ferrari, who, at 65, is robust, earthy, tough and the outstanding personality in road racing. It was his car, with America's Phil Hill driving, which in 1961 interrupted Britain's victorious Grand Prix march. Last year, however, the Ferrari was outmatched and the Ferrari plant was in ferment. But now Ferrari is building afresh for 1963 at his Maranello factory near Modena. What he describes as a "collegium" of engineers is experimenting with not one but three new Grand Prix engines—of six, eight and 12 cylinders. A new chassis is under construction. John Surtees of Britain and Willy Mairesse of Belgium have been hired as drivers.

"Surtees is the son of the wind," Ferrari said last week, making rapid gestures to indicate speed. "Mairesse is the king of close-quarter fighting."

If Ferrari dominates his enterprise absolutely, ATS is a smoothly meshed team effort. It is financed by Giorgio Billi of Bologna, a slim, handsomely groomed manufacturer of hosiery-making machinery and sundry other things, and young Jaime Ortiz Patino of the tin-rich Bolivian clan.

"I am in racing," said Billi, "because I developed a passion for driving—in Ferrari cars. Now that I am a competitor, Ferrari will not sell his cars to me."

On Ferrari's side, the relationship has cooled to loathing, and there will be a jolly old feud between the two men if ATS excels. The reason is not simply the racing rivalry as such. Billi and Patino hired six Ferrari technicians who quit the team last year. They also plan to build touring cars of much refinement that must necessarily compete with Ferrari's tourers.

The most important of the Ferrari defectors is ATS chief engineer Carlo Chiti. He was Ferrari's engine engineer during the 1961 championship season. He has completely designed the ATS Grand Prix car and its V-8 engine, which he says yields close to 200 hp. There is already a finished ATS racer ready for testing. A rear-engined Grand Touring car of 2.5 liters, with suspension almost identical to that of the quite conventional racer, will be ready in prototype form for the Geneva Auto Show in March.

"It has taken us no longer to design and build the Grand Prix car," says Chiti, a rotund and respected Tuscan, "than it takes a woman to make a bombino."

It looked like a very rapid baby as it stood, torpedolike, in the two-story house at Pontecchio Mareconi, outside Bologna, which serves as ATS' factory until an ambitious structure near by can be completed.

Racing men doubt that ATS in its first season can win even one championship race. It traditionally takes at least a year to eradicate new-car bugs. But ATS may surprise people. As first driver the firm has the ex-Ferrari world champion Phil Hill, a fast, courageous and experienced professional. Notoriously unhappy at Ferrari, he is a pleasantly pleased man at ATS. It is conceivable that Chiti's know-how plus Hill's seasoned foot will produce a victory sooner than anyone had believed possible.

Logic, however, favors the British, and at the moment the race for the championship seems again to be between BRM and Lotus, with BRM the slight favorite.

END

Secrets of the Short Game: Part II

THE SAND SHOTS

Drawings by Francis Galton

Last week we examined the fundamentals that lie behind successful pitching and chipping, a part of golf that can so often offset errors in other phases of the game. Now we will see how to apply these same fundamentals to sand shots, another phase of the sport that the weekend golfer all too often neglects, to his everlasting regret. These shots are not difficult. Indeed, touring professionals sometimes deliberately shoot into bunkers because they feel they can get closer to the pin hitting from sand than from some lies in heavy grass near a green. The average golfer shouldn't let traps worry him either. A few basic fundamentals and some practice will make sand play more fun than fear.

To review briefly, the four main short-game elements to keep in mind are these:

1) The grip should be taken more with the fingers than the palms, with extra pressure applied by the last three fingers of the left hand and the two middle fingers of the right.

2) At address and throughout the swing, the player's weight should be on the outside and rear of the left foot and on the inside and front of the right foot.

3) The swing starts with a very early wrist break, thus setting up an unhurried backswing and downswing and a late uncocking of the wrists in the hitting area.

4) The swing is dominated by the left hand. It swings the club back and pulls it down into the ball. The swing is completed with very little rolling of the right hand over the left until well into the follow-through.

By using these principles, with the adjustments described here and on the following pages, every golfer can, with practice, develop a very sound and consistent sand game.



THE PRESSURE POINTS for the sand explosion are similar to those of the pitch shot. The last three fingers of the left hand grasp the club with a firmness that is felt all the way up the arm to the shoulders, and the player's weight is well over on his left foot, carried on the outside, back toward the heel.

THE BASIC EXPLOSION *Grip hard and swing strongly*

There are four important points to remember concerning the simple bunker shot. The grip should be very firm; usually the swing must be very strong; the backswing and downswing should follow an outside-to-inside arc, as if intentionally slicing; and the clubhead must never be left in the sand after impact but must be swung out in a full follow-

through. The clubhead hits the sand behind the ball and "explodes" it out. Normally, the club should strike two or three inches behind the ball. If the sand is heavy or wet, one or two inches behind is sufficient, because the ball comes out of wet sand very fast; if the sand is fluffy and dry, the club should hit a full three inches behind the ball.



The player's stance should be open, so that he is facing about 20° or 30° to the left of the target. He should use a sand club and choke down on the grip two or three inches. The club face should be kept open and the ball played off the left instep or heel. The swing begins with the club being brought back slightly to the outside of the line of flight.



Use very little body movement and do not shift any additional weight back onto the right foot during the backswing. The player takes the club back outside the line to the hole (dotted arrow) and up very sharply with a three-quarter to full backswing. He must be sure never to relax the firmness of his grip at any time during the swing.



The club is brought down with the left hand and forearm at a very steep angle, entering the sand two or three inches behind the ball and from outside the line. The player keeps the clubhead open with his hands during the explosion of the ball, and his wrists should never roll over at impact. The follow-through should be as long as the backswing.

CONTINUED



THE DOWNHILL LIE. This shot is not as treacherous as it usually seems. It should be played with a very open club face. The ball is positioned opposite the left heel. The player's weight is firmly on his left foot and it stays there. Using a sand club, he should bring it into



the sand about three inches behind the ball. He must also take his stance a bit farther from the ball than usual, because on the follow-through (*above*) he must move the clubhead out along the contour of the sand, its face (*leaf square*) almost straight up, horizontal to the ground.

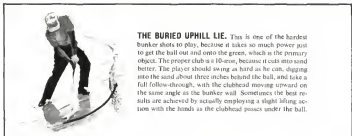
THE DIFFICULT VARIATIONS *Follow the sand's contours*

Three common modifications of the basic bunker shot are described above and at right. Now let me explain some others that are encountered less frequently.

The uphill lie: A sand club should be used for this shot, and because the angle of the lie is going to create a steep trajectory in flight, the club should be swung harder than seems necessary. The clubhead should enter the sand about two inches behind the ball, and the follow-through should carry it straight up along the rising contour of the bunker.

The fried-egg lie: Here the ball sits in a shallow saucer of sand and resembles the yoke of an egg. The shot is best played with a 10-iron. The clubhead should enter the sand just outside the ledge of sand that surrounds the ball. The club face must be opened wide and the club swung hard.

The buried lie: Again the 10-iron should be used. The shot is played as a regular explosion, except that the club should be swung very hard and held onto tightly, hitting at least two inches back of the ball and at a sharp angle.



CHIPPING FROM SAND. Golfers are constantly tempted to chip out of sand, but this is a tricky shot. It should only be used when the ball is sitting up on top of the sand and the bunker is shallow. The player should use a nine-iron, keep the face open and choke well down on the



grip. He should hit the ball just below the center. His left wrist and forearm should remain very firm but mobile throughout the swing in order to prevent hitting into the sand. This is a good shot when the hole is on the far side of the green and the player has room to let the ball run. **END**

More than 50 baseball players from the Dominican Republic will be playing in the major and minor leagues in the U.S. this summer—the exact number is uncertain because the Braves have signed several more and the Cardinals are considering others—which makes the island one of the world's major per capita producers of baseball talent.

Every citizen in the Republic knows it and is proud. Only six years ago Dominicans were electrified because one player had made the big leagues. A history of Dominican baseball noted that Osvaldo Virgil (generally known as Ossie Virgil when he played with the Giants and the Tigers) had become *primero en grandes ligas* (first in major leagues). Last summer there were 44 Dominican players in the U.S., eight of them major league regulars, two of them stars in the pennant race and the World Series, and nine of them in the minors batting well over .300. Also one Dominican was be-

ing hit by pitched balls more frequently than anyone else.

If you walk into the office of the director general of sport in Santo Domingo these days, a pleasant building that was formerly the residence of Anastendi Trujillo, brother of the late dictator, you encounter a wholesome satisfaction that the rest of the world has at last awakened to a knowledge of how good the local players really are. Dominican fans are enthusiasts anyway, and with them enthusiasm is enduring: it seems that the performance of Felipe and Matty Alou and Juan Marchal with the Giants these last two seasons will live forever, along with the record (or at least the astounding start) of Manuel Emilio Jimenez, who batted .379 in his first seven weeks at Kansas City, and the amazing career of a rich Dominican dairy farmer and big league pitcher, Diomedes Olivo, 43 years old (51, July 16), who played his first game of baseball at the age of 24

and is now with the Cardinals after starting with the Pittsburgh Pirates.

But Dominicans are equally enthusiastic about players you never heard of and will gladly tell you about Felix Santana, the adroit second baseman who finished second among the Panama League batters with an average of .337; or Jesus Alou, the 19-year-old younger brother of Felipe, who batted .347 in the Venezuelan League; or Ricardo Carty, the 6-foot 2-inch catcher (or *receptor gigante*, as the papers always refer to him) who batted .366 with Yakima last year and was signed a fortnight ago by the Braves; Rodolfo Welch, who batted .304 in the winter instructional league in Arizona and is believed by his fans to be headed for a regular berth with the Pirates; or Pedro González of Richmond, a Yankee farmhand who could play second base on almost any major league team and remains where he is only because Bobby Richardson has been performing in an

INVASION FROM SANTO DOMINGO

Baseball in the Dominican Republic is an emotional outlet for the villagers, a subject of profound study for the sociologists and—since Dictator Trujillo's assassination—a delicate matter for politicians. It is also an engagingly good-natured game of slash and audacity, and the success of Dominican big leaguers in the U.S. has inspired a host of talented youngsters on the sugar cane plantations.

by ROBERT CANTWELL

Big Leaguers Diomedes Olivo (left) and Juan Marchal (right) help train pitchers in Babe Ruth League. Beside Olivo is Horacio Martinez, famous Giant scout who discovered Marchal and Felipe Alou.



entirely adequate fashion. Julian Javier batted .263 with the Cardinals and, while Manuel Mota (now with the Colts) and Amado Samuel (with the Braves) were barely starting their major league careers, the record as a whole suggests that Dominican enthusiasm is warranted. What it doesn't suggest is an intangible element, a legendary quality, something like the achievement of Jim Thorpe and Chief Bender and the Carlisle Indians in the days of Pop Warner.

Felipe Alou, for instance, batted .380 in his first year of Class D ball with Cocoa in Florida. In his first 30 games at Springfield, Mass., he stole 15 bases. Called up by the Giants from Phoenix in midseason in 1958, he hit the first pitch his first time at bat into left field for a single. Last season his astounding record against Dodger pitching—in one three-game series he got eight hits, two of them home runs, in 12 times at bat to score seven runs—came to a climax in the playoff

game when he was walked and scored the winning run.

Called up by the Giants in the mid-season of 1960 from Tacoma (where he had won six of his last eight starts), Marichal pitched a one-hitter in what was called one of the most astonishing debuts in big league history. He followed it with a four-hit, 3-1 victory over Pittsburgh and a 3-2 win over Milwaukee. Then the next year another Marichal one-hitter dislodged the Dodgers from first place. And last year he pitched 18 complete games out of 36 starts, defeating the Dodgers twice. In one victory he struck out 13 for a 12-3 win, to cut the Dodger lead to a half a percentage point. In the other he won a 3-0 shutout. And a lot of Giant fans believe that the Giants would have won the World Series if Marichal hadn't been injured.

Diomedes Olivo seems to be the only baseball player in major league history who learned the game as an adult. He

grew up in banana-farming country near Monte Cristi (where Marichal grew up on a rice farm), and there wasn't any chance to play in that area. "I farmed with my father," he says, seeming to feel that this explains everything. After he picked up the elements of the game when well along in years, he devised a furious windmill wind-up that looks like an imitation of a baseball pitcher by someone who has read a book on how to pitch. With this, Olivo developed a blazing sidearm fast ball, a screwball that seems to deteriorate as it approaches the plate, a curve and a slider; and he played 15 years of ball in Puerto Rico, Venezuela, Colombia, Mexico and the Dominican Republic, meanwhile building up two farms outside Santo Domingo. In his first year at Columbus, Ohio he worked in 42 games, the next year in 66 and came out with a 2.01 earned run average, winding up last year in Pittsburgh with five wins and one loss.

Continued



All this suggests the presence of legendary elements in Dominican baseball, and the players generally bear it out in their private lives as well. Manuel Emilio Jiménez, the Kansas City star, came out of the little sugar-mill town of Consuelo, where he worked for three years in the mill for \$1.45 a day to help support his nine brothers and sisters. In the Dominican air force he played on the service team, which has a historic baseball rivalry with the teams of the army and the navy, the service teams games being major sporting events in the Dominican Republic. His teammates included Juan Marichal, Pedro González, Manuel Mota, Donald Rivas, (now with Tacoma) and Ricardo Joseph. ("We win every year," says Marichal, chuckling. "Nobody can beat that team.") A widely publicized battle with Owner Charles Finley (who ordered him to try for homers) weakened his performance at Kansas City the latter part of last season, but he still wound up with an average of .361.

Felipe Alou is a relaxed, lightly powerful young athlete, now 27, who lives with his wife and three young children in a small house on a side street in Santo Domingo. He goes spearfishing three times a week on the average, and on the other days coaches Dominican youngsters in the Babe Ruth League. He speaks English with a slow and natural accuracy; in San Francisco he teaches on Sunday nights in a Bible class in a Baptist church. A reporter once wrote that Alou began doing this because he was lonely in a foreign country. "No," says Alou. "I just like the Gospels," and his speech has an occasional old-English flavor. In Santo Domingo he has the sort of public esteem that is given to Stan Musial in St. Louis.

Marichal lives six blocks away. He is a round-faced, friendly, unself-conscious individual with an engaging humor and a restless interest in everything. He is now 25 and, like Alou, a coach of the Babe Ruth League teams three days a week. His household consists of his charming wife and 3-month-old daughter. Marichal says he can't remember when he didn't play ball. He was shortstop on his school team. He had an idol,

a great pitcher, Bombo Ramos, who used to come to Monte Cristi to play in Sunday games. Later he came to admire Cuban Hector Rodríguez, who played in the Repablie, and went to see him whenever he could. In 1955 his school won the baseball championship of Monte Cristi over seven other schools.

That summer Marichal was given a job in a sugar mill in Manzanillo so he could play on its baseball team. This was the first time he ever had had a uniform, baseball shoes and good equipment. He wanted to be a pilot and eventually joined the air force, but his mother did not want him to fly. Baseball solved the family dilemma, because the team didn't have time to do any training except for its baseball games. From the air force Marichal went directly into professional ball. In his first game with Tacoma he was astounded to see a familiar figure walk up to the plate to bat for San Diego. It was Hector Rodríguez, one of his favorite players. "I said, 'I never thought I'd pitch to you,'" Marichal recalls. "I pitched to him another time. He got two hits in two games."

Marichal likes to hunt in the mountain country near Monte Cristi—he got 85 birds on his first day this year—and usually goes spearfishing with Felipe Alou several days a week. They fish near the town of Haina, 12 miles from Santo Domingo, where Alou was born, and they come home with half a dozen four-to-six-pound lobsters on a good day. In the family society of the Dominican Republic, with its widespread network of relatives and soaring food prices, all such bounty is needed.

Ordinarily the four big professional teams of the country would be winding up their season right now. But this year the Dominican League suspended operations in the interests of domestic tranquility, and the fans have had to focus on the amateurs. In Santo Domingo, it is currently a season of unblurred blue skies, overdecorated shrubbery and light, billowing breezes. In the Campos de Deportes, just north of the city, a dozen or so blocks from the Ozama River, where Columbus' men settled in 1496, there is the pleasant, sharp, New World sound of a baseball bat hitting

a baseball, the solid plunk of a ball in a catcher's mitt and the deceptively aimless hallelujah that rises as a couple of hundred boys, 60 of them in uniform, practice or watch the practice on the four diamonds in the park. A brilliant aggregation representing the nation's movie houses recently lost to the baseball team of the national police, and the team of Larnesta San Lorenzo beat Tractores Fordson 11-5 in the championship series of the Babe Ruth League. They played in a stadium of the University of Santo Domingo, with virtually the whole roster of Dominican baseball notables acting as umpires or lending their weight to the occasion—Olivo, Alou, Jiménez, Marichal and Horacio Martínez, who is more responsible than anyone else for the development of Dominican baseball.

As things turned out, the suspension of the professional league was unnecessary. After Trujillo's assassination there were fears of riots or of a coup *à l'état*, or at least of political unrest that might make excitable crowds dangerous on the eve of the presidential election. Dominican baseball crowds are powerfully vocal. Every team has its own song, sung during the seventh-inning stretch—*Campana (The Bell)*, the song of Santiago; *Lena (Firewood)*, the song of Escogido; and *Cow Brum (Superior Sugar Cane)*, the song of the Estrellas Orientales—and even in ordinary times the tumult during a close game can be astonishing. Dominican fans like a game of imagination and audacity as well—which gives rise to even more stentorian outcries. A championship game in 1948 was decided by a double steal in the 11th inning, whereupon, wrote the baseball correspondent of *La Nación*, "the people gave a tremendous shout." So it may have seemed prudent not to add the excitement of the sport to political tension.

However, baseball could have been played daily without disturbing public safety in the slightest. Just before Christ-

mas more than a million previously voteless citizens went quietly to the polls and by secret ballot elected a long-standing anti-Trujillo exile, Dr. Juan Bosch, by a better than 2-to-1 majority, without fights, riots or disorder, as if the entire nation had decided to give a demonstration of democratic goodwill in action.

There was one baseball event in the prelection period, a series of exhibition games that gave the fans their first chance to see the returning big leaguers in action. They turned out 19,000 strong for the opening game. Professional games are night games in the Dominican Republic, and that was certainly one night when political unrest on a Caribbean island might have been warranted. It was the time of the crisis over Cuba, when President Kennedy warned that the U.S. Navy was going to intercept Russian ships. The game turned out to be a better-than-average all-star affair. Felipe Alou got two doubles and a single in four times at bat. Roberto Pena had a double and a single, and so did Elvio Jimenez, the younger brother of the Kansas City star, who ordinarily plays for Amarillo. There was quite a bit of tension that night in Cuba, which is 350 miles from Santo Domingo, but in the superb Quisqueya Stadium in the first city in the Western Hemisphere there was nothing but good baseball, noisy relaxation and cheers.

Nobody knows what local Abner Doubleday first smoothed down the fertile Dominican earth, measured out the base lines and taught the *peloteros* the rules. But everyone agrees that the contemporary boom is primarily the result of the work of Horacio Martínez, the greatest shortstop in the history of the country, the discoverer and trainer of Alou and Marchal, the scout for the Giants, the athletic director of the University of Santo Domingo, the guide and counselor of innumerable Dominican boys who wanted to play baseball. If the Dominican players constantly remind one of the Carlisle Indians, Martínez is the Pop Warner of Dominican sport. He lives in a pleasant, tree-shaded, green-and-white house in a moderately wealthy section of Santo Domingo, an alert, soft-spoken man who gives the impres-

sion of being agreeably surprised about something. "When I started playing ball in Santiago we played with gloves we made ourselves," he said. "I made my glove out of a sail—out of a piece of canvas."

That was around 1929. But who had started the game in the first place? "The existence of trustworthy data indicates that baseball was introduced into the Dominican Republic in 1891," says Dr. Tirso Valdez in his *Notas Acerca del Béisbol Dominicano del Pasado y del Presente*, adding, however, that it seems to have been a primitive form of the game. The usual story is that baseball was first played in the country by a Puerto Rican teacher who had learned it from American visitors in Puerto Rico, and that it spread from one Dominican town to another as if the natives were born to it. By 1907 there was an outstanding team, the Licey Club in the city of Santo Domingo, which for more than a decade dominated the game and walloped the casual aggregations of amateurs who got together to play against it. There was even a national championship of some sort. The Antun family of San Pedro de Macoris, which owns the Estrellas Orientales, one of the major professional teams, possesses a Dominican championship trophy that dates back to 1911.

One reason why the native fans cherish such dates is that the claim is often made that U.S. troops introduced baseball during the American occupation from 1916 to 1924. They didn't. Dominicans had been playing ball long before. In fact, an American history of the country, written in 1917, lists baseball along with bicycle racing as a popular Dominican sport, and the U.S. occupation didn't begin until November 29, 1916. The late Sumner Welles, diplomat and Under Secretary of State, began his career with a definitive two-volume study of the Dominican Republic, describing the American occupation as a ghastly international blunder, an administrative catastrophe and a national disgrace. Welles concluded that the worst charges of critics of the American policy were true, since the occupation began with a policy of repression "during which many atrocities were undoubtedly committed"

and which left a feeling of bitter hostility against the people of the U.S. "which will undoubtedly continue for many years." So there is no possibility that the natives picked up baseball in those first months of the occupation, though American games in the later years may have increased local interest.

In 1919—that is, during the third year of the American occupation—a Venezuelan named Numa Parra decided that it was hopeless pitting the weak local teams against all-powerful Licey and began combining all the teams for their best players to form a club that could provide real competition. The players chosen became known as the Escogido Club, meaning "selected." (The "Lions" was added later, and the Licey players became the Licey Tigers.) There was consequently a genuine test of ability within the country, in which players could be appraised competitively, and almost at once international tests began as well. In 1920 a Cuban team, the Almendares, on its way to Puerto Rico, stopped in Santo Domingo. A game was arranged with Escogido. History doesn't say who won, but the event was so popular with Dominican fans that every year thereafter a Cuban team visited the Dominican Republic, always billed as the Almendares, no matter what they were called at home.

Horacio Martínez, who played in some of these Cuban games in later years, was the Licey shortstop. He says that his early career was typical: he was interested in all sorts of sport in school, track and field and volleyball, and focused on baseball because a friend of his, Sijo Gómez, a pitcher, played in Negro ball in the States and talked to him on his return. In 1932 Martínez started professional ball with the San Juan Giants in Puerto Rico. It was in 1930 that General Doctor Rafael Leonidas Trujillo had become President, soon adding such titles as Benefactor of the Fatherland, Director Supreme of the Dominican Party and Maximo Protector of Sport to his dignifications, and, while travel abroad was strictly forbidden under the dictatorship, international baseball had become so firmly established and so popular that an exception was made for the

continued

players. Indeed, almost the only way a young man could get permission to leave the country was to be signed by one of the leagues abroad. And the fame of the local players was growing. In October 1933 a team from Richmond visited Santo Domingo and lost to Licey 6-5. Martínez at short had a chance to see a pretty good U.S. team in action, since Johnny Mize was then starring at first base for Richmond. It was before Mize made a name for himself in the majors by batting .364 with the Cardinals. Three weeks later a Cuban team—"another version of the Almendares," says Dr. Valdez—lost to Escogido 6-5. Two months later a Venezuelan team came through Santo Domingo, with Luis Aparicio (the father of the former White Sox star), Johnny Mize, Jimmy Jordan and Joshua Gibson, the legendary Negro catcher from Pittsburgh. Gibson later played with Satchel Paige on the Estrellas Orientales of San Pedro, batting .453 in the Dominican phase of his remarkable career. Roy Campanella has said that Gibson was the best catcher he ever saw. Joe DiMaggio said he was the most natural hitter in baseball, and Dizzy Dean said he was the best right-handed batter of all time. Dominican fans made it simpler: they said Joshua Gibson was the greatest ballplayer that ever lived. Alex Pompez, one of the organizers of the Negro leagues in the U.S., handled most of the arrangements for Dominican players, and in 1935 Martínez signed with the New York Cubans in the Negro National League, playing two or three times a week in the old Dyckman Street Oval that stood near the Hudson River half a mile from the Polo Grounds.

Martínez has a big scrapbook of what is probably some of the rarest baseball lore in existence, the clippings and records of the wanderings of such natural players as Satchel Paige, Gibson, Raymond Brown, Martin Negro and Alonzo Perry in the days when Negroes were excluded from the big leagues. Martínez was known as *The Rabbit*, and his amiable, grinning features decorated the sport pages of innumerable small Negro weeklies and occasionally appeared in larger periodicals along with vivid

shots of light-footed action. Martínez was one of the sources of the legend in the U.S. that Dominican players excelled as infielders because they played on hard-packed clay diamonds: their spectacular bounds and leaping catches were considered inexplicable otherwise. Asked about this, Martínez looks uncomprehending: fields were of all sorts. (Dionedes Olivo, looking at it from a pitcher's point of view, says if you could play on a hard diamond, "Good!—very good!") On the Negro league circuit, Martínez played in Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis and the southern cities, making longer trips for exhibition games with players like Paige and Gibson, who drew good crowds. Like most Dominicans, who do not experience racial segregation at home, Martínez did not share the sense of exclusion—or the bitterness—of many U.S. Negro ballplayers, and places like Savannah and Charleston, as well as New York, were romantic and hospitable for him. "I loved the United States," he says. "I am a Dominican, and I am a citizen of the Dominican Republic, but I still loved the United States too."

How good was the Dominican baseball of that time? When the Cincinnati Reds visited Santo Domingo in 1936, the first major league team to do so, they won their games, but the scores aren't an exact measure of abilities. Martínez played with the Licey team, which led the Reds in the top half of the ninth, with two out. Kiki Cuyler came to bat. At 36 he was on the verge of his best season with Cincinnati, with a .326 average. He hit a line drive that went straight to the right fielder. The fielder was a tragic figure in Dominican baseball, Mmo Estrella Sant Clair, who played under the name of Pepe Lucas. His brother played under the name of Pepito Lucas. They were two of the top-ranking ballplayers in the history of Dominican sport. But Pepe Lucas was then only beginning his career. He had only to raise his hands and catch the ball, and Santo Domingo would have defeated the first major league team to invade the island. "All the chroniclers of the time agree," says Dr. Valdez in his history of baseball, "that anyone could have caught it." But

Pepe didn't raise his hands. The final out became a double. Pepe became weighted with the burden of an error that is still a lively topic of discussion among baseball fans. (Another prime subject for after-dinner talk is speculating whether a team of Latin American all-stars couldn't heat an all-star team from the States.) Anyway, Cincinnati won by a score of 4-2.

Most of the accounts of visiting journalists credited Trujillo with a genuine interest in baseball, and sports generally, no matter how critical they were of other aspects of the dictatorship. They cited his building of big baseball stadiums at government expense and the annual government subsidy of \$100,000 to help the professional teams. Local comment has grown a good deal more candid since his dictatorship collapsed, however, and it is doubtful if even this part of his activities will be remembered as a public benefaction. Professional ball virtually disappeared after 1937 and didn't revive until well after the war. Trujillo's taste ran toward the big, flag-bedecked festival and tournament. Travel outside the country being forbidden, he organized something he called "the Dominican national Olympic games" as compensation. There was even an Olympic baseball championship.

On January 11, 1948 an all-star team from Santiago was playing in the national championship tournament with the Estrellas del Sur, the Stars of the South, at Barahona, on the southern coast across the island. Santiago hadn't lost a tournament game; Estrellas del Sur hadn't won one. The Santiago pitcher was Bombo Ramos (the pitching hero of Marichal in his boyhood), and the Estrellas pitcher was Viteco Ruiz, who came on in relief. Ruiz was known as *Alambrito*, meaning Telephone Pole, because he was so uncommonly tall and thin. Santiago was expected to win this game, for it had half a dozen of the best players in the country on its team. There were Pedro Búez, known as Grillo-A—"One of the very best," says Olivo—and Loro Escalante, as well as Pepito and Pepe Lucas, the unfortunate fielder who muffed Kiki Cuyler's drive, all players who ranked with the best of the Dominicans now in the major leagues. But all baseball is un-

predictable, especially Dominican baseball, and the score was still tied 5-5 in the bottom of the 11th inning. This was the game made memorable by a double steal. The Estrellas runner on second started for third. The runner on first broke for second. Did they expect a play at third, a run back to second and a chance that the ball would be thrown away? The contemporary accounts are confused. Apparently there was an attempted play at second, the ball was thrown away and the run scored. Or maybe the play at second was successful, and the ball was thrown away at the plate. In any event, Estrellas del Sur won.

But it was now late. The Santiago plane leaving for home ran into one of the evening storms that plunge the island into darkness in an instant. At Santiago the storm had knocked out the airport lights, and the pilot turned back south trying to reach Santo Domingo. The wreckage was found on a peak in the wild Río Verde country, miles from anywhere. The 32 dead included almost all the top-ranking players in the country. Loro Escalante, the brothers Pepe and Pepito Lucas, Bombo Ramos and Grillo-A were alone the nucleus of a big league team. What made the tragedy doubly bitter was that a Dodger team, with Jackie Robinson in the lineup, was soon to be playing in the Dominican Republic: the color line had ended in the big leagues in the States. There weren't enough players left to put up even a token opposition to a Dodger team that included Robinson, Gil Hodges, Pee Wee Reese, Carl Furillo, Preacher Roe, Cookie Lavagetto, Bobby Bragan, Gene Mauch, with Leo Durocher as its manager. So the Dodgers (who trained in Santo Domingo that year) played exhibition games with Montreal. Local interest was such that the Dodgers cleared \$40,000 and Montreal \$20,000.

But Dominican baseball had started over. The progress in the 15 years since the tragedy can safely be called impressive. Fifty-odd Dominican players starting for spring training in the U.S. this year make up a powerful body of contenders. In fact, the biggest part of the comeback has taken place in the past five years. "This place is baseball-crazy,"

a correspondent wrote after visiting Santo Domingo in 1959. He was referring to crowds of 4,000 (paying 30¢ to \$1.25 a seat) at the stadiums Trujillo built. But crowds of 12,000 were not uncommon. Even Trujillo's figures, deliberately falsified on the low side, ran to a total of about 500,000 for the four teams in their 34-game winter series. When the professional league was organized in 1951, Escobido was taken over by Trujillo's brother-in-law, Francisco Martínez Albó, and the dictator's influence was felt immediately: he wouldn't let the best players go to other teams. A scout for the Yankees, for instance, was sent to San Isidro Air Base to sign Pedro González. Marchal happened to be pitching that day, and the scout signed both Marchal and González. The government approved the González deal, but it turned out that Marchal had been promised by Trujillo to Escobido. "Trujillo always had his favorites," an official says. "It worked like this: the government owned the stadiums, so they handled everything, sold admissions, took tickets and called up after the game and said, 'Your attendance was so-and-so,' maybe a couple thousand, when you could see that the stands were nearly full. So you might have a great team, fine crowds, and lose \$60,000."

Insofar as Trujillo's personal tastes were involved, he favored leisure-class sports like horse racing and yachting, in keeping with his claimed descent from the conquistadors, who followed Columbus. However, he made a point of supporting baseball, and each stadium was equipped with a private presidential box that contained the best features of a bomb shelter and a seraglio, but obviously he had no notion of what baseball meant to the Dominican people. He may have felt that his private boxes were neither lavish nor ridiculous but, on the contrary, were designed with appropriate, commonsense comfort. But they just weren't places in which to enjoy a baseball game. Some of these

private presidential boxes were the size of a small ballroom and generally resembled one. Power-operated picture windows opened and closed at the touch of a switch by the chair of the Maximo Protector of Sport. A line of 20 red-leather easy chairs ran along the windows overlooking the diamond. Behind the chairs, screened from the sight of the crowd, there was a handsome green-walled lounge complete with a sofa, paintings on the wall, a high-fidelity set, an adjoining bar and kitchen, and a couple of marble bathrooms that would have been approved by the plumbing inspector of Pompeii. The builder of these sybaritic sporting headquarters simply had no notion whatever of why his subjects enjoyed the game.

What did it mean to them? "Baseball is a part of the life of the Dominican village," wrote Dr. Valdez, in his *Novas Acoras del Beibido*. "Through it the village experiences moments of happiness, when its team realizes its desires and wins, or passing moments of dejection, if a defeat becomes a rout. . . but above all, the village experiences the hope that always prevails in baseball of coming from behind or winning the next game."

Usually the village consists of a few hundred people living in diminutive-roomed little houses ranged unevenly along the roads. The doors and windows stand open, and the front room, with its bed, rocking chair and religious chromo on the wall, suggests those stage sets at different levels which enable you to watch several dramas going on simultaneously. In the center of town there is usually a water faucet (one of Trujillo's great claims to benevolence was that he provided water for the villagers) and usually a bevy of astoundingly graceful girls filling buckets of water to bring home. Sometimes the town store has a front porch. In any case, the ground is hard-packed around it, and there are often intent youngsters playing catch. In the most remote village there will be a boy wearing a baseball cap and carrying a glove.

Eighty percent of the population is rural. Along the roads that run through the cane fields from one town to another more or less like it, the foot travelers are spaced about every quarter of a mile

continued

along the way, coming and going—women pacing placidly along under umbrellas in the sunlight, or whole families in motion, with the youngest child riding a burro, or squads of sugar-cane workers swinging machetes—and among them boys with baseball caps. "The villagers were sports-minded to begin with," says Dr. Valdez; "a fervent admiration of skills requiring intelligence and muscle was part of their inheritance." For decades the game was played only for the satisfaction of the players. Nobody thought to make a career of it. It reached into the deepest springs of community loyalty, an expression of an emotional tie with others rather than a field for individual exploits.

And sometimes the meaning of the game was obvious. Away back from the company houses near the sugar mills you sometimes come on clusters of gray wooden shacks that house an overflow population of occasional workers in the mills or cane fields. There are no stucco houses in these places, the shacks look like the sort of playhouses that kids put together from boxes and pieces of scrap lumber in the woods. The black earth is damp, and people cook on open fires in the winding, alleylike opening between the shacks. The worst Negro slum of a southern town in the U.S. is a model garden city in comparison with it. The poverty is beyond comprehension, suggesting something out of an African compound, or a settlement in the Virginia of Captain John Smith. For a boy to come back to a town of this sort, after playing baseball in Hobbs, N. Mex. or Grand Rapids is more than a test of his playing ability.

When Felipe Alou signed to play with the Giant farm team he went first to Lake Charles, La. as one of a group of five players who, it was hoped, would modify the segregationist sentiment of the area. After five games the hostility was so powerful that the experiment was abandoned and the players sent to other clubs. For Alou the experience was puzzling; he batted only .222 there, hardly what was expected of him. "They drove us out of town," he says. "But it wasn't the local people who were so unfriendly. It was that governor"—he meant Earl

Long—"and he sent word down to Lake Charles, 'Get them out of there.'" In Cocoa, Fla., where he was made welcome, he got 169 hits in 119 games, and he still keeps in touch with people he came to know then, some of them traveling to New York to watch him play in the World Series.

"Most of the boys who play baseball here are pretty good boys," says Horacio Martínez. In other societies sports often appeal to a reckless or an easygoing part of the youthful population, especially in poor neighborhoods, but the young Dominicans tended to be good providers, hard workers and good students in school; playing baseball was part of their more responsible view of the world. "It's a question of character," says Martínez. "Felipe's mother wanted him to be a doctor. When he started at the university he used to run to school every morning from Haina, 12 miles, to keep in condition. When I tried to sign him for the Giants, his mother said no. She didn't want him to be a ballplayer. She wanted him to be a doctor. But I had his father on my side. Finally she agreed to let him play for a year. If he didn't make it I agreed to pay for his education for the year he missed."

The former mansion of Arismendi Trajillo that now houses the Sports Department is filled with a steady parade of aspiring boxers, volleyball players, track and field managers, basketball coaches, trainers, groundkeepers and the battered former athletes who seem to haunt gymnasiums in every land. They file into the wide, tiled entrance foyer, then into the former parlor that has been made into a reception room, and then into an inner parlor where the Director General of Sports sits behind a magnificent carved rosewood desk formerly owned by Arismendi. They are mostly young and eager, and bear crumpled scraps of paper on which are written the dates of games and lineups. "I've been teaching kids to play ball for 20 years," says a Sports Department employee, "and every year there have been more kids turning out." Now the reputation of the Dominicans in the States has brought out more than ever before. What do you need? he was asked.

"Nothing," he said. "Just bats and balls and gloves."

Out in the Campos de Deportes recently a former Dominican star—a brother of Pedro Báez, who was killed in the crash of the Santiago team—was laying down grounders for infield practice with the Farmacia Báez team. Gray-haired and good-natured, with a quiet, commanding pose, he placed the ball on one side or the other of short and second base, and the boys went through the long reach and sweep, and the turn and throw to first in one continuous motion that seems to be a universal virtue in baseball, something that can be recognized without having to be taught. "Nobody taught us in the old days," says Báez. "If you played baseball then there was only one reason: you played because you liked to play. There wasn't any difference between professionals and amateurs. I became a professional because I played with a team that charged admission. I was the youngest player on the team, and I went along for two weeks. At the end of the trip all the money that had been taken in was divided up. Do you know how much I got? Sixteen cents. Now a lot of the boys are playing baseball because they want to get into the big leagues. But in those days nobody played unless he loved baseball."

Last November a group of Cuban players arrived for their exhibition series with the Dominican All-Stars just as the crisis over the Russian missile sites in Cuba came to a climax. "The Cuban government didn't arrange the trip," says a Dominican player. "The Cuban players arranged it. Most ballplayers here can't do any work. So they tried to arrange the games to make a little money."

As baseball, the eight-game series was even enough, with the Cuban strength built around such veteran big leaguers as Camillo Pascual, Orlando Peña and Pedro Ramos. The Dominicans won the first three, all close, lost one, won another squeaker and then dropped three

in a row to make it four apiece. Elvio Jiménez got 12 hits in five games, Julian Javier had nine, and Alou in one game got four hits in four times at bat. There were three minor disturbances: in San Pedro de Macoris a group of men ran out on the field bearing a banner that read CUBA SERA LIBRE!; in Santiago a group ran out carrying a banner that read FIDEL CASTRO—ASESINO!; and in Santo Domingo, in the last game played there, two groups ran across the field, one carrying a banner that read CUBA SERA LIBRE and the other one that read FIDEL CASTRO—ASESINO! They created no more trouble than a similar sign-bearer in Yankee Stadium in 1961. The players collected about \$750 apiece for their share, and the returns from one game were given to charity. "Marichal and me, we're having a little problem," says Alou. "It's Frick's office. They fined us \$250 for playing unauthorized games with the Cubans. And now I get a letter saying I'll be ineligible to play unless the fine is paid before the season starts." The Dominican players argue that since the regular season was canceled the exhibition series provided the local fans with their only chance to see the returning big leaguers play after their season in the States. If they had refused to play, it would have seemed the worst case of swelled head in history. Alou and Marichal are disposed to resist the fine as a matter of principle; Horacio Martínez says that something can be worked out.

But the memorable fact about the Cuban series was that it brought to a full circle the span of history that began when the Almendares landed in Santo Domingo to play 40 years ago. And this year, as was the case then, it was the Dominican fans who made the occasion historic. They turned out in crowds of 17,000 to 19,000 a night. They watched the games while the biggest political crisis in the West Indies steadily mounted. They filled the stadium one night after the police of Santo Domingo had announced the discovery of a plot to blow up 42 key sites in the metropolis. They enjoyed the games. The correspondent who wrote that Santo Domingo was baseball-crazy was wrong. It was the sanest place in the Caribbean. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

AUTO RACING—PEDRO RODRIGUEZ, in his first race since brother-in-law Roger's flying death last year, won the Daytona Continental on three laps in 36 seconds. The 25-year-old Mexico City driver averaged 107.974 in a new Ferrari. The AMERICAN CHALLENGE Cup race at Daytona on Saturday was taken by Phil Gendheim, who easily beat a 14-car field by averaging 145.161 through a steady drizzle. He drove a 1963 Impala.

BASKETBALL—NBA: The Los Angeles Lakers and Boston Celtics continued their cross-continent war, one that gets steadily tougher as the season wears on (see page 12). The division leaders play two games against each other. Boston winning 120-91, and LA 134-124. Anytime to leave basketball as a legend, Boston's Bob Cousy was at his best in these important games but at his worst among two Syracuse fans in Providence. There, playing against Syracuse, he

threw what was to have been a 79-foot pass the length of the court instead of being caught by a teammate. It went through the hoop for a basket. The Celtics won that game 123-114 and also beat St. Louis (114-94) and Chicago (103-107). After defeating Detroit 128-111, Los Angeles dove (like so will, being 122-118 to San Francisco and 96-91 Chamberlain's 36 points. That was the Western's only win of the week. Relatively successful by their standards were the New York Knicks, who ended a five-game losing streak and balanced two losses with two victories. Even more successful was Cincinnati, which won its sixth victory in its last seven games. St. Louis, thanks to Cliff Hagan's last-second jump shot against New York, won 132 for the week, but Syracuse and Detroit could manage no better than 2-3. Chicago had a consistent week, three losses.

BOATING—BARBARAS REGATTA WEEK began with the entire fleet of 5,000 yachts getting lost in driving rain. "Very embarrassing," said a regatta official tenderly at his postpositioned the competitors.

BOXING—J. LASHLEIGH DUFF of the Philippines picked over a 10-0 Pa. challenger Johnny Briscoe for 15 rounds in Manila to successfully defend his junior lightweight title.

DOG SHOW—CH. WAKEFIELD'S BLACK KNIGHT, a 3-year-old English springer known as "Bumby" by his owners, took best boy show at the Distinguished Kennel Club's New York judging. Owned by Mrs. W. J. Byrne at Gwynedd, Pa. and

headed by D. Lawrence Carroll, Duffey defeated a heavy resistance (Pascucci, Ardeaga, Greyhound and Dubuque) all of which had won best-in-group awards. A total of 2,500 dogs were entered.

GOLF—The TUCSON OPEN, unlike the non-traditional Phoenix Open earlier in the week, had Arnold Palmer wear it as a playoff, was mainly a breeze—for Don January. He finished 11 strokes ahead of his nearest rival, shooting a remarkable 52-under-par 286. The 39-year-old Texan had rounds of 65-67-69-65. "I just tried up and let it go, and when I found a 1st 4 again," January explained, "He never's pure was \$1,500."

JIM HEARN won the baseball players' golf tournament with a 301 at Miami. Said Babe Beltrami, surviving the drizzle on the last day: "You couldn't give these guys to work out in weather like this, but they sure will play golf."

HOCKEY—NHL: Bobby Hull, coming on with his usual late-magic touch, clinched the last week to give the Chicago Black Hawks a 3-1 victory over Boston and put them four points ahead in the NHL race. In their only other game, the Black Hawks lost to Montreal 4-2. The Canadiens, meanwhile, put their season back into second place by pounding Detroit 4-1, a result that upset Jerry Seper's Red Wing Howie Young. He drew blood and a major penalty in his last game, J.C. Tremblay in the second period. But the worst action of the week occurred later. Called for a minor infraction, he swung at the referee and then refused to go to the penalty box, thus

FACES IN THE CROWD



LORRAINE HANLON, now 17 but a skating champion before entering her teens, matched her usually superb performance at the compulsory figures with some graceful free skating to win the U.S. Senior Ladies' Figure Skating Championship in Long Beach, Calif.



GARY CARLE, 34-year-old Scottsdale (Ariz.) Country Club pro, had a hectic 31 for nine holes in the Phoenix Open, shooting a hole in one, an eagle, four birdies, a par, a bogey and a double bogey. He finished the event with a 289, well out of the money.



TAMARA DAVIS, 15, from Frederick, Md., was told by her coach that if she tried she could break the U.S. indoor record of 6.9 for the 50-yard hurdles. Without even running "extra fast," she turned in a 6.8, now hopes to make the Olympic team.

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

The word for the week was *oops!* Seven of the nation's top 10 teams lost, including the only two unbeaten ones, Cincinnati and Loyola. It was enough to send NCAA and NIT officials, ready to make invitations to the lush postseason tournaments, back to their workbooks.

THE MIDWEST

All season long Wieslin had been waiting to get Cincinnati into its Roundhouse. The last time Cincinnati was there they lost by one point. Now they had won 37 straight and, when Wieslin's Ralph Milner bravely predicted, "We have the balance and man-power to beat them," he wasn't taken too seriously. After all, Cincy had beaten the Shockers 63-50 earlier in the season. With 3:30 to play, Cincinnati held a six-point lead despite 39 points by Wieslin's Dave Stallworth. Usually such a lead is more than enough for the Bearcats, but this time it wasn't. Tom Thacker fouled out, and Tony Yates and Ron Bonham each had four fouls. Perhaps because they tried to be careful, Cincy's impeccable defense came apart.

Seven straight points by Stallworth put Wieslin ahead 65-64 and down went the Bearcats, winning streak and all.

Loyola showed signs of being in trouble earlier in the week, barely beating Marquette 92-90 on Jerry Harkness' two baskets in overtime. Admit it or not, and Loyola Coach George Ireland was trying not to, the Ramblers were hurt when scholastic deficiencies cost them their two strongest substitutes. What's more, Bowling Green had at last recovered from a disheartening string of injuries. The Falcons clamped down on Loyola's fast break with a withering full-court press. Howie Komara shot over the Ramblers for 32 points, 6-foot-11 Nate Thurmond controlled both boards and scored 24 and Bowling Green won 92-75.

Illinois, too, got caught up in the week of upsets, and suddenly the Big Ten had a race again. First Wisconsin slowed down the Illini with a zone and beat them 84-77. Indiana was less meticulous in its approach. The Hoosiers, paying hardly any attention at all to Dave Downey, who scored 53 points, outran and outshot Illinois to win

103-100. All of which put Ohio State, a 75-68 winner over Michigan, in a first-place tie with the Illini. Minnesota, Indiana and Iowa were close behind.

Colorado, surprised by Iowa State 73-60, had company at the top of the Big Eight. Oklahoma State moved up to share the lead with the Buffs after beating Kansas 54-53 and Nebraska 51-41. But Kansas State and Iowa State were close enough to make it a four-team race. The top three:

1. CINCINNATI (19-1)
2. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO (20-1)
3. OHIO STATE (20-1)

THE SOUTH

Nothing pleases Mississippi State's Babe McCarthy more than to beat Kentucky's Adolph Rupp in Starkville. Last week he enjoyed every minute of a 56-52 victory over the Wildcats. But, just when McCarthy thought his Maroons had another Southeastern Conference title cinched, they stumbled over Florida at Gainesville. The Gators matched State's bull-control game with one of their own, made their foul shots (39 for 45) when the Maroons became too eager and upset them 73-52. Auburn, running instead of shuffling, defeated Florida 88-59 and LSU 82-57 to tie State for the SEC lead, and Georgia Tech, a 78-73 loser to independent Louisville, was only a game behind.

drawing assorted penalties were, incidentally, enabled him to try a new season record for free in the penalty box. Toronto took 4-1 to New York and dropped back into third place after previous wins over Detroit and New York had boosted the Maple Leafs to second. Denis Young and all, stayed in fourth place, and Boston, which had an undisciplined string of six games and Saturday, five, to Detroit 3-1 and settled back into last, behind New York.

HOBBS RACING—NEVER BEND, last year's 2-year-old champion and a prize horse in Candy Sport (see page 21) in the Kentucky Derby this May, was his first 1993 season, a seven-furlong, ambulatory colic race, by 14 lengths, at Hialeah.

BRAINE GENE KIDTAREK of Denver, Maine, displayed great performance in the 1993 U.S. 110-yard women's world backstroke record, swimming (in first leg of an individual medley) in 1:00.20 seconds in Perth, Australia.

BURNING—SATORU TANAKA of Japan beat the 110-yard women's world backstroke record, swimming (in first leg of an individual medley) in 1:00.20 seconds in Perth, Australia.

TEARMS—GENNIS RALSTON, suspended two years ago by the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association for unsportsmanlike conduct, backfired his withdrawal from and won the national open championship of his work, cracking Englishman Mike Hargrave's Wimbledon singles record 7-5, 4-6, 3-1, 11-9 victory. "Com-

posite" the Ralston, Calif., 26-year-old showed at himself after losing two nice victories early in the match. He then followed his own advice, losing his service only once more. To attain the final, Ralston beat Chuck McKinley 6-6, 4-6, 4-6, 3-6, 6-3. Five Americans and only three foreigners reached the quarter-finals, a reversal of recent trends. Bill Talbot and Gailard Mulloy, first partnership to become street champions after having been national champions, won the mixed doubles, beating George MacCall and Mervyn Auldberg.

KEN RIGGSWALL, best in the open race, ran his match record 5-2 as he beat last year's amateur Grand Slam champion, Rod Laver, in Baltimore. Laver won 2-3. Barry MacKay, like Ralston, has a 3-2 record. Earl Ruchholz is 4-1. Andre Gombas 3-1 and Luis Ayala 2-3.

TRACK & FIELD—VALERIE BRUMEL, high-jumped to another indoor record (3 feet 4 inches) virtually unopposed, and JIM BRADY was forced into a record 1.50.8 mile by rising young Chicagoan Jon O'Hara to highlight the New York Athletic Club Games. Brady didn't make up his mind to try for the first indoor sub-four-minute mile ever run in the East since O'Hara passed him. Instead, Brady another long-jumping field ball far to win O'Hara had launched a strong drive from the gun and finished in 3:59.2. Bruce Kidd's 1:39 and the Villanova relay team's 1:50 were the second-best indoor times ever recorded for two miles. Reynolds Out of Villanova was overjoyed at his winning relay of 16 feet even, his Russian Igor Tikhonovyan

showed at his indifferent 25-foot 6 1/2-inch broad-jump mark, and Gary Guberer groveled about a 45-foot 4 1/2-inch shotput, even though both won. EARL YOUNG (see the 500 in 33.5, Bob Haysen 70 yards in 6.9, Gregorsson won the two-mile relay 13:20). Texas Southern took the mile relay 13:12.2, and Tennessee A&I took the mile relay with a 48.3 in the women's 440 relay, all national indoor records in the Mason-Dixon Games in Louisville.

MISPEAKS—ENGAGED PAT MOSS, 28, of England, was named a sister of famed Stirling Moss, and finished a first time in the rally when, Eric Larkson, 33, in Helsinki, Finland. "These women when we will be married," said Pat. "We have to marry early. I'm a nervous partner, so there's no chance we will learn up on the same car."

NAMED JOE STYDACH, four-time All-NFL tackle, two-time NFL head coach, an ultimate loss coach, by the Chicago Bears.

ADOLE UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE, another strong basketball school, in the Missouri Valley Conference, which is surely needs more consideration.

SHOT MARSHALL BRIDGES, New York Yankee pitcher, in the big. By a woman rising over him in a Ford Lauderdale bar, for dinner, known only to her.

CHILD J. H. TAYLOR, 91, started British soldier who, with James Brad and Harry Vardon, made up the "great triumvirate" that won 16 British open in 21 years.



JACK STANFORD, an Englishman, Florida fishing season owner and charter boat captain, set a new C racing runabout speed record of 63.157 mph in the Seminole City Outboard Regatta on Lake Maggiore, St. Petersburg, breaking a mark set one week earlier.



DIANE CONGDON, 16, walked and ran 50 miles in 13 hours and 25 minutes, likely a record for teen-age girls at the sport of New Frontiersmen. Playing hooky from Terra Linda (Calif.) High School, she carried an eight-pound pack and sprindled the last 200 yards.



JOHN LANCE, basketball coach at Pomona (Kans.) State for 41 years, became only the third coach ever to win 600 games at one college. His team's 63-53 victory over Maryland (Mo.) State was also his 643rd win in a coaching career that began back in 1918.

West Virginia, without Rod Thorn (ailing with the flu), wasn't quite up to holding off Pitt, even at Morgantown. The Panthers beat the Mountaineers 69-68 on Paul Krueger's two foul shots with 12 seconds to go.

Duke was one hot-shot team that managed to keep its poise in this tough week. The Blue Devils fought off determined Virginia 79-74 and then went up against Wake Forest. Wake's Bones McKinney tried everything, including his new "Lonesome George" offense—one player in the backcourt and the other four at the end line—but nothing helped. Art Heyman scored 26 points, Hank Tatum hurt the Deacons inside, and Duke won 73-60. The top three:

1. DUKE (16-2)
2. ARIZONA (16-3)
3. MISSISSIPPI STATE (17-2)

THE EAST

NYU Coach Lou Rossini is careful with his praise. But even he had to admit that his NYU team, merely good without Happy Harrison, was excellent with him. With Harrison and Barry Kramer rebounding strongly and scoring 121 points between them, the Violets overwhelmed Temple 77-59 and Holy Cross 102-71.

The rest of the eastern teams were hardly in a class with NYU, except perhaps for St. Joseph's, which beat Bucknell 79-62 and

Temple 64-52, and Providence, a 93-75 runaway winner over Rhode Island.

Leadership in the Ivy League was harder to keep than to come by. Cornell was upset by Yale 81-75 and Brown 75-64. Meanwhile, Penn and Princeton moved properly to the top. Penn beat Dartmouth 65-63 in overtime and Harvard 78-53, while Princeton defeated the same two teams 86-52 and 74-48. The top three:

1. NYU (16-3)
2. ST. JOSEPH'S (16-3)
3. PROVIDENCE (16-4)

THE SOUTHWEST

Oddly enough, the usually topsy-turvy Southwest Conference was just about the most settled league in the country. There wasn't much chance that anyone would catch Texas. The Longhorns trampled TCU 75-59 and Texas Tech 90-76, while Rice, once a challenger, lost to SMU 89-79.

The top independents, with tournament time near, were coming on fast. Oklahoma City had 10 in a row after burying North Texas State 82-69 and Centenary 112-86. Houston beat Texas Wesleyan 125-74 and Trinity 99-46. Texas Western defeated Hardin-Simmons 73-61. The top three:

1. ARIZONA STATE (16-3)
2. TEXAS (16-5)
3. TEXAS WESTERN (16-6)

THE WEST

Washington's Johnny Grayson was worried. "We just don't look like a team that is leading the Big Six," he complained. And sure enough, when the week ended, they weren't. USC beat the Huskies 59-53, and Stanford, in spite of itself, slipped back into first place. The Indians, after losing to California 61-60 on Camden Wall's last-minute hook shot, came back to defeat cautious Cal 68-58.

Oregon State, caught by an Oregon zone that collapsed around 7-foot Mel Counts, lost to the Ducks 54-50. But the next night the Beavers beat their tormentors easily, 67-57. Utah State, too, had troubles. The Aggies dropped one to the Air Force 66-65, then beat Denver 74-70. Powerful Idaho put down Idaho State 83-76 and Gonzaga 66-57.

Arizona State turned Joe Caldwell and Art Becker loose in the mountain country and they rarely played better. Caldwell took care of the scoring (63 in two games), Becker picked off almost every rebound he could touch, and the Sun Devils defeated Utah 83-78 and Brigham Young 104-87 to take a firm grip on the Western AC lead. The top three:

1. OREGON STATE (16-3)
2. IDAHO (17-5)
3. STANFORD (16-6)

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NIGHTMARE

Sirs:

After an ulcerating day at the office, a reader has a legitimate weekly right to expect to settle down to a comfortable breather with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. However, your February 11 *SCORECARD* carried an extremely disturbing piece of information. Heartlessly, without even a hint of a warning, you break the news that as a result of the deterioration of the New York Yankee farm system the future of the world champions may be seriously endangered.

After a nightmare reading of this column, I lapsed into a deep seizure of despondency and depression. After all, it is not preordained that the Yankees must win not only the pennant but the World Series? How can we face diamond life with the Bronx Bombers finishing an second place? This would place an unbearable burden on any real baseball fan. Spare us from any further causes for hysterical weeping.

NORMAN OXZA

New York City

Sirs:

It is quite evident that you gentlemen don't know that there has been a change in the farm-system policy of the Yankees since Roy Hamey and Ralph Houk took over as general manager and field manager from George Weiss and Casey Stengel. Hamey and Houk both said when they took over these jobs that one of their chief aims was to build up their farm system.

Since that time they have been doing just that. In 1962 their Fort Lauderdale club of the Class D Florida State League won the pennant. The players from this team were signed in the spring and summer of 1961 when Hamey and Houk's new policy was in effect, as it still is today. I'll admit that the 1961 edition of Yankee farm clubs wasn't so great, but that can be excused by the fact that almost all of the talent from these clubs was signed under the old regime.

What happened at Fort Lauderdale is indicative of what is going to happen to the Yankee farm system in the next four years. It usually takes five years to make a poor farm system into an A-1 type of system. By then the present Yankees might be a little old and then there will be some very good replacements to take over.

MARK CARLISLE

Nashville

AWAKENING

Sirs:

As one long-suffering fan, I would like to cheer loud and long for the new ruling

on baseball's strike zone (*SCORECARD*, Feb. 4). The basic fabric of baseball has been consistently crumbling. It used to produce many exciting variations of sacrifices, bunts, steals and hit-and-run strategies. Each play was an exciting and breathtaking event, not a long, boring series of cheap 260-foot home runs.

The number of pitchers in modern baseball who can work 300 innings per season is constantly dwindling; and yet such men as Grover Cleveland Alexander, Cy Young, Ed Walsh and others used to work 400 innings in a season. Pitching should be a fine art, not an endless and boring drudgery.

This rule change could be the first of many such changes which would give the game back to the baseball fans of America.

E. ROY ELLINGWORTH

Santa Monica, Calif.

THROUGH A GLASS HIGHLY

Sirs:

The current king-for-a-day pole-vault situation is ridiculous. Instead of generating a contest to find a pole with the best shapshot qualities, let's go back to the aluminum one where an increase of an inch or two in the record was a true reflection of competitive progress.

Bad splits and marred vaults caused by splintering bamboo poles gave a valid reason for switching to aluminum. But no such reason exists for switching to the fiber-glass pole. If the fiber-glass pole can be justified, why can't finger grips for the discs, built-up shoes for the high jump and special-soled track shoes that will give enough bounce to shove 10 seconds off a runner's time for the mile be accepted as well?

F. C. WICKEN

Washington

Sirs:

If the world pole-vaulting record gets any higher they will either have to make the indoor stadiums bigger or bar pole-vaulting from indoor track.

GERALD A. MILLER

Warwick, R. I.

● For an analysis of the fiber-glass pole by some of the world's best vaulters, see page 38.—ED.

THE BEST

Sirs:

Best-in-show honors to Peter Knop for honest and factual information on *How to Succeed at a Dog Show Without Really Cheating* (Feb. 11). Peter Knop was one of the best handlers in the business and never

took advantage of his professional ability to make some amateur handler like myself appear out of place or in a noncompetitive position. His statement about "judging the other end of the leash" is certainly factual, and a keen observer of dog shows can readily see this psychological element at work if he carefully observes some judges in action. Anybody who has exhibited a show dog is familiar with the kind of judge who likes to give class placements to pretty girls, regardless of the qualifications of the dogs they are handling.

To have a judge tell you on a given day your dog is one of the best he has seen; and then two weeks later in another state tell you your dog has a bad gut or is out of coat or, worse still, not even give your dog his personal inspection when he is judging the group, is very frustrating.

ROLAND C. (DOC) MORROW

Meerstown, N. J.

LATE RETURNS

Sirs:

You keep on stating that Missouri Valley Conference basketball is the best there is. True in this may be, there is also a very high grade of basketball played in Philadelphia. La Salle, Villanova, Temple, Peabodyville and St. Joseph's are very much underrated by your magazine. In the first four games played among the Big Five the largest margin of victory was only two points. This is the closest basketball in the nation.

JOE Fazio

Northtown, Pa.

Sirs:

Over the years I have been amused by correspondence from the midwestern and western backwaters indignantly complaining about your lack of attention to the feats of favorite athletic teams. Now, however, I have caught you in a real goof. How could you possibly have ignored the Bethesda Institute of Interior Decoration's fine basketball team? Admittedly a 5-5 record doesn't look good on paper. However, the Buddies' five losses were by a total of only 71 points, and their stunning upset of Chevy Chase College of Mortuary Sciences and Neurology was something that few teams have been able to accomplish this season. And I'm sure that even you fellows have heard of Jumpin' Jim Filanin, our fine center, who is one of the best under-five-foot players in basketball today.

Just like they say, you New York sports-writers are all alike.

WILLIAM C. BUSCH

Bethesda, Md.

THE OBLIGATION TO LEAD

To Lead is the most important obligation of a modern magazine. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** leads by speaking vigorously on the causes it makes its own. It has campaigned against corruption in professional boxing and college basketball. It has exposed signs of corrosion whenever and wherever its conscientious eye has found them.

It has provocatively renewed the good fight for such worthy (and neglected) objectives as Youth Fitness, Conservation, Highway Safety and Better Boating.

It has cut through some timeworn banalities to examine the true role of sport in higher education.

Fulfilling this obligation to lead, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has become a valued weekly guest in the homes of its 1,000,000 leading American families.

Their magazine has earned the most hard-headed tribute of all—a solid vote of confidence from the nation's leading advertisers, who each year have increased their investment in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** until they have made it a phenomenal 7th in advertising pages among the hundreds of magazines published in America today.

**Sports
Illustrated**



BETTER BOATING—May 21, 1962—More people owning boats means more boating problems. In a four-part series four experts explained the way to solve them while increasing the pleasures of boating and decreasing the hazards.



SAFE DRIVING—Jan. 30, 1961—A three-part series which incorporated the wisdom and experience of champion drivers Roger Ward, Jack Brabham and Pat Moss, won enthusiastic acclaim from lawmakers, educators, private individuals.



IS PROFESSIONAL BOXING IMMORAL?—Nov. 5, 1962—In answer to a leading question from **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, a leading theologian, Richard A. McCormick, S.J., offered in response a profound and thought-provoking judgment.



SATURDAY'S HERO IS DOING FINE—Oct. 6, 1962—Chancellor Edward H. Litchfield of the University of Pittsburgh demolished a myth and proved that varsity players are as successful in the classroom and life as on the field.

THE VIGOR WE NEED—July 16, 1962—President Kennedy's second article for **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** was both a progress report on youth fitness and an appeal to community leaders, school officials and parents for further cooperation and effort.





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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

Says:

As a falconer and angstringer who has devoted some 30-odd years to the study, training and flying of birds of prey, I feel qualified to comment on Ed Gilbert's article *Paras to a Winged Hunter* in your February 4 issue.

While I thoroughly agree with most of the statements he has set forth, I disagree completely with his statement that "hawks are unintelligent creatures." On the contrary, I believe that certain species of hawks and falcons are very intelligent, and it is not instance alone that guides and directs their actions.

There is reason to believe, however, that the intelligence quotient of the bird-eating accipiters and falcons certainly far exceeds that of the *Buteo*.

Time and time again during my experience with all kinds of birds of prey, I have observed sharp-shin hawks beat the branches and leaves of trees harboring small birds, in order to frighten their quarry into the open and flight. I have watched Cooper's hawks, upon seeing quail at a distance, fly a cautious route under the cover of trees and bushes in order to gain the advantage of a surprise plunge into their midst—thereby enhancing their chances of securing a meal. I have never, I must admit, seen *Buteo* display any special traits that would lead me to believe they possess or need much reasoning power to which. Since the *Buteo* diet consists primarily of easily secured insects and mammals, they don't have to outthink their prey.

Gilbert does not mention an all-important factor in the unalterable process of conditioning and training of raptors that must be closely controlled. This deals with the weight of the bird of prey. Even though hungry, if the hawk or falcon is too "light" (overweight), that invisible bond of management that the falconer or angstringer has over his winged charge is jeopardized or broken outright with the possible loss of his bird.

The "flying" weight of a trained bird of prey is that optimum weight at which it performs the best and yet is still subject to its trainer's will. My trained peregrine (*Autora*), which I have flown free for three seasons, flies strongly and eagerly at 29 to 30 ounces. She was trapped wild at an empty weight of 34 ounces. At 34 ounces, however, though very hungry, *Autora* displays an arrogance and disdain which would make it foolhardy to fly her free at that weight. The various species of birds of prey have so many individual birds in each race of different sizes, however, that each bird must be flown at a weight best suited to its size and temperament.

HENRY T. SWAIN

Riverside, Calif.

(continues)

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18TH HOLE

MARTY JUCKER

Sirs,

Your article on Ed Jucker (*The Coach of Every Year*, Feb. 11) was only a melancholy story about an uneasy person who is described and regarded as a martyr of basketball. More emphasis should be placed on the team. We certainly believe that Mr. Jucker is a very good coach, but what coach wouldn't be if he had a chance to coach a team like that?

R. R. RUSSELL

J. A. KANDRA

Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Sirs,

Congratulations on your fine article about the No. 1 Cincinnati Bearcats and their All-American coach, Ed Jucker. None of Cincinnati's basketball players is an All-American, but together they certainly constitute an All-American team.

JOHN BOLENGER

Cincinnati

OUT IN THE HALL

Sirs,

I would like to "have it out" with Mr. Don C. Jensen concerning his letter on the Hall of Fame (19th Mar., Feb. 11).

We owe a lot to athletes and coaches like Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, Honus Wagner, Jim Thorpe, Eddie Shore, Jesse Owens, Alvin Slugg, Knute Rockne and many others too numerous to mention. They have done so much for the south of America. Why not give them a lasting tribute for their grand efforts?

I went my 51 to the National Football Foundation Hall of Fame. I hope others do, too.

DON C. WARREN

Calico, Me.

Sirs,

Mr. Jensen says that he thinks it rather childish to have Halls of Fame for different sports. Museums house historical things. Artists are honored in museums by their paintings. Why not have "museums" for sports?

He said that \$2 million could be spent in a better way. I don't think it could be. There should be Halls of Fame for statesmanship, medicine, science, the arts, entertainment—and sports. And all should be established for the same reasons: as a memorial to the great ones and an inspiration to others to strive to surpass their achievements.

BOB WHIDAKER

Greenville, Texas

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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DEW BONES

Sirs:

As a veterinary student, I was particularly delighted with John O'Reilly's story about Hamsted Chubb of the American Museum of Natural History (*He Breathed Life into Old Bones*, Jan. 21). My vacation periods in New York have always included a visit to Chubb's recreated skeletons of Synsby, Lee Axtworthy and their "stallmates" on the fourth floor of the museum.

Your readers might also like to know of the work of another man interested in the movements of animals. As early as 1887, Eadweard Muybridge photographed various animals in their natural gaits, and recently (1957) Dover Publications reprinted his photographs in a book, *Animals in Motion*.

FRANKLIN M. LEWIS

RIDGE, N.Y.

FLORIDA FISH STORY

Sirs:

We were very much interested in Martin Kane's recent article on The Sailfish Club of Florida's efforts to put the emphasis on the fisherman's skill rather than boat handling (*Sovereign New in Fishing*, Jan. 28).

Skilful indeed are anglers who average 8.7 minutes to boat sails with 20-pound test line. Trolling two outriggers, with the resulting automatic drop-back, to only one flat line, however, increases the chance of hooking the fish deep in the gills, drowning as well as taring it while the fight is on. It seems unusual, though, that of the 131 sails caught in the Invitational Masters Tournament more were not what we call foul-hooked in the bony part of the mouth or bill on the first pass. This would have necessitated a much longer fight.

We troll only flat lines, two bonito-belly-strips for sails, one feather for more bonito, from a 21-foot boat with two 35-hp kickers. Last Labor Day weekend, fishing from Langford Manna, St. Lucie Inlet in Stuart, Fla., we caught one 7-foot sail (45 minutes) and one 7-foot 3-inch (2 hours 20 minutes), the latter being foul-hooked on its initial pass. We use 4/0 reels with 30-pound monofilament, and the longer the fish lasts the better we like it. When that big gentleman came completely out of the water after two hours, however, we admit we thought he was having a bit the better of it. This is what justifies the many hours spent trolling the Gulf Stream during the off season when we natives can find room to fish.

If any readers have experience trolling deep for sails with live bait, we would like to hear from them.

ALBERT AND ELEANOR MOORE
Daytona Beach, Fla.

FRONTON SQUASH

Sirs:

Just lately I came across your January 7 article *The ABC's of Squash Racquets*. I agree wholeheartedly that squash is a unique

continued

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10TH HOLE — continued

sport in which you find entertainment as well as an opportunity to exercise flabby muscles and develop physical dexterity. However, I thought it might be interesting to note the similarities between squash racquets and fronton tennis.

Fronton tennis has the same characteristics as squash except that the right sidewall of the court doesn't exist. This gives the game a new perspective play, the so-called "bouncing-away ball" similar to *ju alai*, another Spanish ball game played successfully in Florida. This also facilitates the fans' observation of the game from suitable stands at ground level and makes construction of the court cheaper, too.

In Cuba BC (before Castro) it was one of the most popular outdoor sports and was played all year round. However, in Cuba the game gradually degenerated to the point where court measurements and equipment became totally different from the original formal regulations. We used regular tennis balls instead of the smaller, hard-bouncing ones and regular lawn tennis rackets. In fact, the game became so popular that sporting goods companies like Dunlop, Pennsylvania and others created a new line of heavier and more resistant rackets and balls better suited to fronton tennis. Court measurements grew to 20 meters (65 feet 7 inches) in length (twice as long as a squash court) and wider than the official 18-foot 6-inch squash court. These changes were adopted by the World Federation of Squash and Fronton Tennis for special tournaments, of which some were played in Havana between Mexico and Cuba. The game has also been played in Argentina and Spain. Scoring in fronton tennis is something like squash but a game is 30 points in doubles, 25 points in singles.

Thus, fronton tennis, either old style or in the Cuban modification, has the advantage of more facilities for the fans and cheaper construction. In the Cuban style, you don't need to buy special equipment, and of course if you play outdoors you will have the added advantage of a good sunbat. It is especially wonderful to have a tennis fronton located near a beach.

There are not many sports like this: it doesn't matter how good or bad a player you are, or how young or old, you can always play and no need to be too careful. Hit the ball hard; it will most certainly bounce right back.

DR. OSVALDO VALDES

Petersburg, Va.

Sirs,

Thanks for the squash racquets. Now let's have a piece about squash tennis, a piece about racquets, a piece about court tennis and maybe one about "lives." I've never known which is which.

DAVID JONES

Brooklyn

— continued



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2. "The flames formed a swirling curtain. Above the center and over, then my pride would suffer. I sprinted down the path. With every ounce of strength I had, I leaped headfirst at the ring.

3. "I aimed for the center but I jumped too high. A flame-baked at my shirt and I was on fire! Even before my feet touched the ground, my Turkish friends were on me, tearing off the flaming shirt.

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